SCREENLAND

July
15¢

Is Today's Youth Living Too Fast?
LINDA DARNELL, IRENE DUNNE, SHIRLEY TEMPLE, GLENN FORD, ROBERT CUMMINGS
Answer!

June Haver

Look Like A Sun Goddess all Summer long! Wear Malibu Tan, Lady Esther's heavenly new summer face powder shade. So flattering! You'll adore Malibu Tan.

IT'S NEW... IT'S SMART

LADY ESTHER'S

Malibu Tan

SUMMER'S MOST FLATTERING

FACE POWDER

SHADE

At Last... a summer-tan shade of face powder which will not change its color after it's on your skin! A soft, subtle, flattering shade... this new Malibu Tan ...designed to enhance a natural tan or to make untanned skin look beautifully, naturally tan! Smart women everywhere will wear Malibu Tan and the smart, new Oculens sun glasses!

PN1993
.S35

Hold on, hon... your bath's not done until you Mum!

...you just washed away *past* perspiration—now guard your *future* freshness

True, glamour does *begin* in the tub. But, while your bath gives you a fresh lease on loveliness, it can't safeguard your *future* charm.

So, after you wash away *past* perspiration, *complete* your bath with Mum. That's the safe, sure way to prevent risk of underarm odor *to come*. With Mum, you *stay* sweet, nice to be near, all day or evening.

Mum

Product of Bristol-Myers

checks perspiration odor

1. Safe for charm. Mum checks underarm odor, gives sure protection all day or all evening.

2. Safe for skin. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin . . . forms no irritating crystals.

3. Safe for clothes. No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Economical, Mum doesn't dry out in the jar. Quick, easy to use, even *after* you're dressed.

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

"LIVING IN A BIG WAY" is not a bad idea.

★ ★ ★ ★

It involves embracing life. Recommended for those who like embracing.

★ ★ ★ ★

M-G-M's new musical, "Living in a Big Way" will make you merrier. It may make you live in an even bigger way.

★ ★ ★

Gene Kelly and Marie McDonald are the "Boy-meets-Girl" of this hearty, happy picture.

★ ★ ★ ★

Gene is the shiniest dancer—the best "timer" of scenes—and, to our and the public's mind, one of the very top stars in pictures. He has never been better, not even in "Anchors Aweigh". How the boy can dance!

★ ★ ★ ★

What originality characterizes his dance plots! The scene in which he does a terpsichorean routine on the girders of an unfinished dream-house is worth your week's movie allowance.

★ ★ ★

He teeters on a block and tackle, totters on ladders. Sure-footed, sure-fire Gene!

★ ★ ★

Marie McDonald has been bruited about a bit in the columns. She is known as "The Body". Her curves are classic and where she walks one hears a whistle.

★ ★ ★

In addition to Gene and Marie, you will see Charles Winninger, Phyllis Thaxter, Spring Byington, and others.

★ ★ ★ ★

Gregory La Cava, the director, is also the author, collaborating with Irving Ravetch. Pandro S. Berman, one of our better producers, is the producer.

★ ★ ★ ★

When William James, the philosopher, was asked, "Is life worth living?" he said, "It all depends on the liver".

★ ★ ★ ★

And if the liver is "living in a big way", then life has its worth. So roareth the Lion among philosophers—

—*Leo*

SCREENLAND

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JACK ALBIN Staff Photographer

On Our Cover: Portrait of JUNE HAVER, 20th Century-Fox star next in "Scudda Hoo, Scudda Hay." Kodachrome by Jack Albin.

★ ★ ★

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

LIVING IN A BIG WAY

When a gal who's got curves... meets a guy who's got angles... it's loving ...laughing... living in a big way!

M-G-M's new, gay, tip-topical musical!

starring

GENE KELLY with Marie McDonald

CHARLES WINNINGER · PHYLLIS THAXTER · SPRING BYINGTON

A GREGORY LA CAVA PRODUCTION

Directed by GREGORY LA CAVA · Original story by GREGORY LA CAVA and IRVING RAVETCH · Screen play by GREGORY LA CAVA · A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE · Produced by PANDRO S. BERMAN

This Hair "Make-Up" is Blended for You!*

★ ★ ★

Extra Color . . . glorious, natural-looking color *for every hair type* — redhead, blonde, brunette or brownette! Marchand's color chart shows you which rinse shade to use if you want to add a *little* color or a *lot* of color. There are special rinses, too, for blending in little gray strands.

Highlights, of course! *Every* Marchand rinse makes your hair sparkle with new lustre! After your shampoo, dissolve the rinse shade you select in warm water and brush or pour it through your hair. Soap film vanishes! Highlights appear! Your hair is softer and easier to manage, too.

As safe to use as lemon and vinegar, Marchand's Hair "Make-Up" is not a bleach, not a permanent dye. It washes out in your next shampoo.

Created for BROWNETTES!

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Marchand's

"Make-Up"

HAIR RINSE

6 RINSES—25c • 2 RINSES—10c

Plus Tax

By the Makers of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash

Hot From Hollywood

Mark Stevens, above with Ellen Drew and his wife, Annelle, at cocktail party.

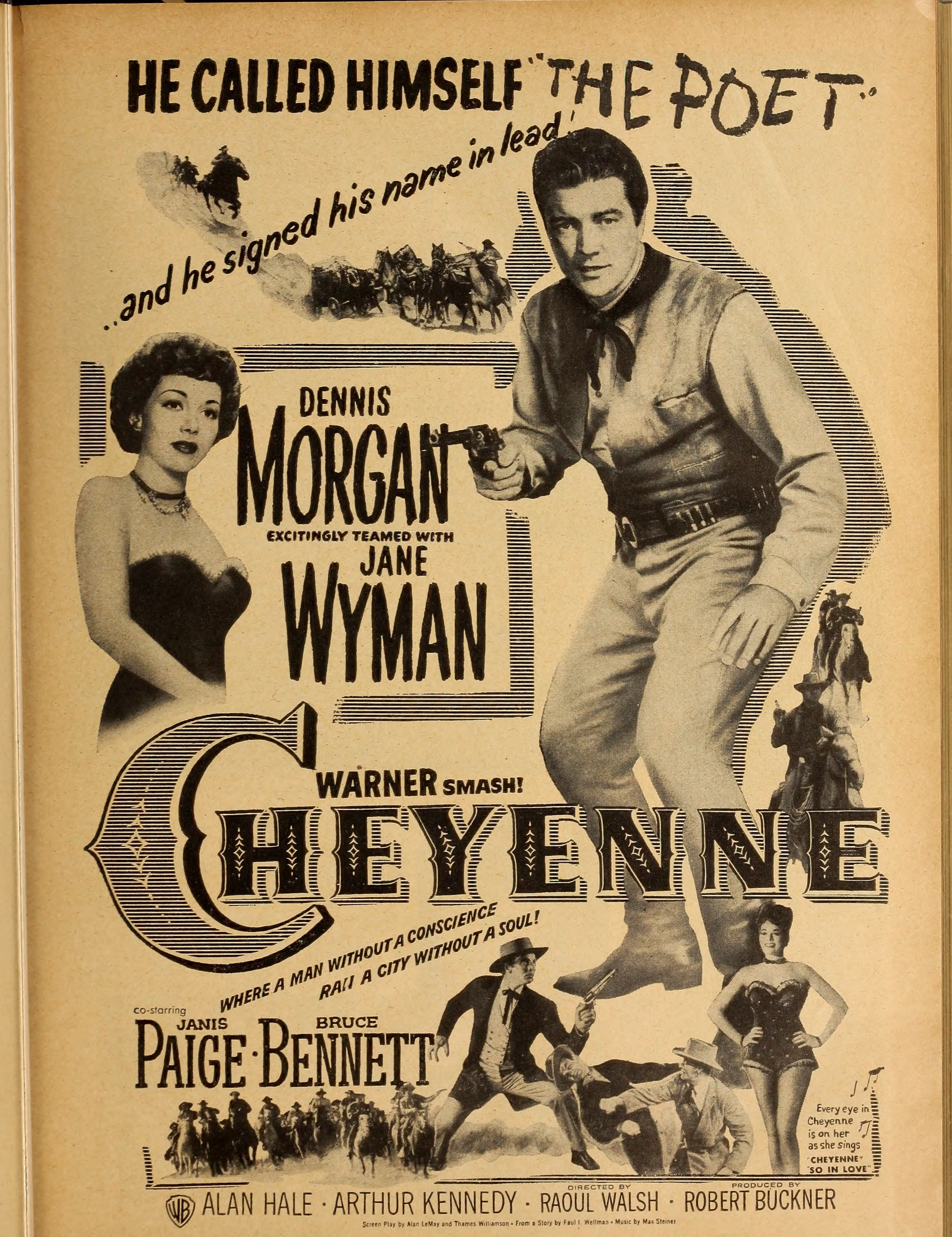
All grown up now, Gloria Jean, next in "Copacabana," dates David Street, at left.

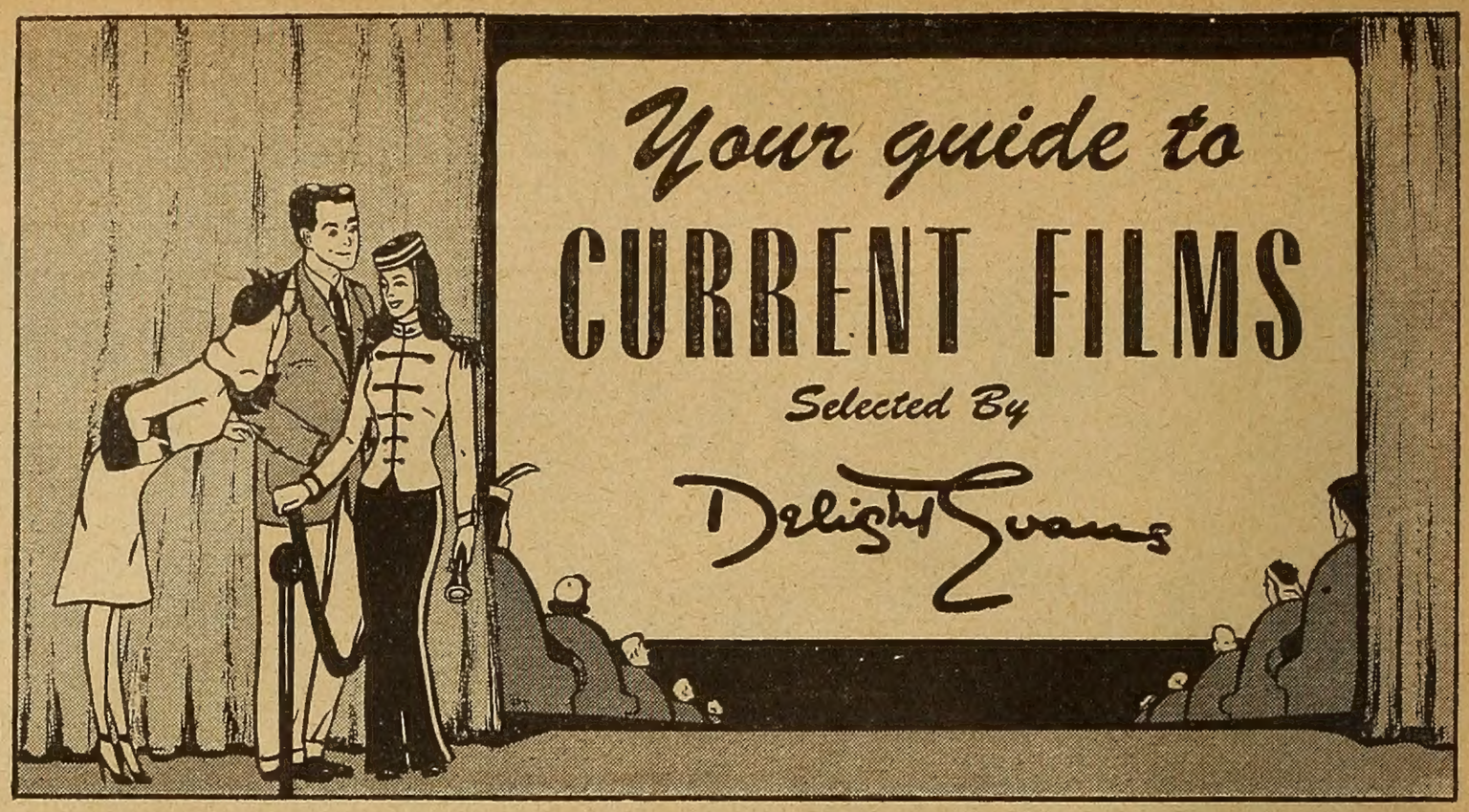
THE prettiest, the happiest and the youngest movie star mother is Jeanne Crain. Her new son has been named Paul Frederick Brinkman. Nicest of all little Paul's presents was a teddy bear. The note that came with it said, "I hope you like it here as much as I do." It was signed Liza Minnelli, who is, of course, the happy little black-eyed daughter of Judy Garland.

BILL HOLDEN couldn't be more pleased that Brenda Marshall will be on the Paramount lot, playing opposite Alan Ladd in "Whispering Smith." The day she was interviewed by John Farrow (currently directing "The Big Clock," in which his wife, Maureen O'Sullivan, returns to the screen), the director grinned at Brenda and cracked: "Maybe I'll get an Academy Award for putting all the 'old' married women back to work again!"

(Please turn to page 25)

Just like a Fourth of July skyrocket is Larry Parks' career after "The Jolson Story" and "Down to Earth." Here he is with wife Betty Garrett, now under MGM contract.


HE CALLED HIMSELF "THE POET"
...and he signed his name in lead!
DENNIS
MORGAN
EXCITINGLY TEAMED WITH
JANE
WYMAN
WARNER SMASH!
CHEYENNE
WHERE A MAN WITHOUT A CONSCIENCE RAN A CITY WITHOUT A SOUL!
co-starring
JANIS PAIGE · BRUCE BENNETT
Every eye in Cheyenne is on her as she sings "CHEYENNE" "SO IN LOVE"
DIRECTED BY
PRODUCED BY
ALAN HALE · ARTHUR KENNEDY · RAOUL WALSH · ROBERT BUCKNER
Screen Play by Alan LeMay and Thames Williamson • From a Story by Paul I. Wellman • Music by Max Steiner



THE ROOSEVELT STORY

Tola Productions

★

Everyone has his own reason why he'll remember the era in which Franklin Delano Roosevelt lived. But no matter what that reason is he will find it in this engrossing collection of newsreel clips, skilfully and accurately edited. More than that, however, producers Oliver Unger, Martin Levine and Harry Brandt are to be congratulated for its dramatic presentation, non-political in its commentary by an unidentified cab-driver (Kenny Lynch), who describes the scenes with touching sincerity, while Canada Lee and Ed Begley speak as the "voice of the opposition." The film covers Roosevelt's life from the year 1904, shortly after his marriage, to his final report to the nation just a few weeks before his death in April 1945. It's a vivid portrait of the man—and revealing history of our era.

DOWN TO EARTH

Columbia

★

Borrowing the title character of "Here Comes Mr. Jordan," (this time played by smo-o-o-th Roland Culver) and his faithful Messenger (Edward Everett Horton), the scripters have created another heavenly visitor, Goddess of Song and Dance, Terpsichore. And who else could she be but the beautiful and talented Rita Hayworth? When she comes down to earth to assist Larry Parks, Broadway producer, to stage a jived-up musical about her, we are treated to a rapid succession of song-and-dance numbers—all of them sockeroos. Larry Parks does a magnificent job of keeping pace with her and Marc Platt in lively dance routines. Larry gives a fine dramatic quality to the romantic interludes. For Technicolor fantasy, drama and musical extravaganza, you can't do better.

THE PERILS OF PAULINE

Paramount

★

It's great fun to watch the exuberant Betty Hutton re-enacting some of the thrilling scenes from the silent day serial, "The Perils of Pauline," in which Pearl White left audiences palpitating with anxiety from one week to the next. The serial queen's life story is fictional, but it's in keeping with the times, showing the stage-struck girl deserting her sewing machine in a theatrical wardrobe factory to join a one-night stand stock company, falling desperately in love with the owner and star, John Lund, who later becomes the hero of her pictures. Billy DeWolfe, William Demarest, Constance Collier score in important rôles, and you'll have fun recognizing some of the early day stars. Here's nostalgia for old-timers, romance and thrills for those who don't know *Pauline*.

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS

Warners

★

Humphrey Bogart goes in for a different type of characterization in Mark Hellinger's version of Martin Vale's stage play. Of course, he's killed off a lot of gangsters in his movie career, but this is the first time he succumbs to the urge to poison innocent wives, whose only fault is that they stand in his way of (1) marrying again and (2) gaining new inspiration in his painting. Barbara Stanwyck, as the second *Mrs. Carroll,* does an excellent job in helping Bogart maintain the suspense throughout the picture, little suspecting the mental quirks slowly building in her husband's attitude, until the final scene that is tops in melodrama. Alexis Smith admirably fits the rôle of cynical sophisticate who is to be the third wife before his criminal insanity is discovered.

BARBARA **STANWYCK** and DAVID **NIVEN**

in the daring unpublished story by

ERICH MARIA REMARQUE

who wrote "Arch of Triumph"

THE other LOVE

Presented by **ENTERPRISE STUDIOS**

A UNITED ARTISTS RELEASE

with

RICHARD CONTE

GILBERT ROLAND • JOAN LORRING • LENORE AUBERT • MARIA PALMER
NATALIE SCHAFER • Screen Play by Ladislas Fodor and Harry Brown
Adapted from the short story "Beyond" by Erich Maria Remarque
Directed by ANDRE de TOTH • A DAVID LEWIS Production

Smart girls say... "McKay Lingerie!"

The versatility of the "undie-world" is proven time and again by McKay. Clever styling to please every type — from the petite to the statuesque.

Now with summer coming on, women everywhere request them — because they're so trim ... so free ... so cool ... so easy to wash!

Made in an attractive variety of luxurious rayons that make them your favorite budget buy!

To be found at S. S. Kresge Co., S. H. Kress & Co., and Sears Roebuck and Co.

Next time say, "McKay Lingerie!"

McK McKay LINGERIE

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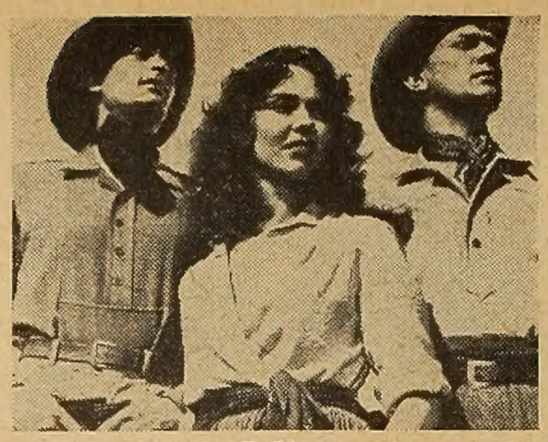

DUEL IN THE SUN—Vanguard

Super-showman that he is, when David O. Selznick sets out to produce an epic, he shoots the works. Remember "Gone With the Wind" and—way back—"David Copperfield." In the words of the song, DOS could say, "Anything you can do I can do better." Or at least, bigger. Now he sets out to produce the super-Western of all time, and very nearly succeeds. "Duel in the Sun" has more sand, more horses, more sky, more love—more everything, and all in Technicolor. A Selznick sunset always seems a little redder than any other producer's. As for the love scenes, with Jennifer Jones and Gregory Peck engaged in a battle of primitive passion, they'll be gasped over for a long time to come. It may shock the sensitive to see Jennifer, once the saintly *Bernadette*, grappling with Greg, noble father of "The Yearling," but it's a safe bet nobody will leave the theater until the co-stars have clung together in their last, bloody kiss of death. A shocker!

SIN OF HAROLD DIDDLEBOCK—U.A.

Ask Pop, he'll remember! Especially "Safety Last" and "The Freshman," those silent film classics that made comedian Lloyd famous. He's here again, specs and all, bashful and ingratiating as ever, in Preston Sturges' curious but hilarious film creation. Starting with an actual sequence from "The Freshman," in which Lloyd is seen as a demon football hero, Harold gradually emerges into the character of the self-effacing *Diddlebock*, shy bookkeeper suddenly fired after twenty years of faithful service. Far from getting him down, this calamity changes his whole life, until he becomes the surprised owner of a circus complete with freaks and lions, and finally wins the girl of his dreams, appealing Frances Ramsden. Sturges' zany spirit pervades the proceedings, particularly Harold's hazardous antics with a lion on a skyscraper ledge (not for faint-hearted customers). It's a show to enchant most people from the ages of five to 105.

HOMESTRETCH—20th Century-Fox

When the camera picks up the gay and colorful scenes at some of the best known race tracks, or the pastoral picture of frisky fillies gamboling over the green in Argentina, Maryland, Kentucky, this picture has plenty of eye appeal—not to mention the Technicolor qualities of Maureen O'Hara and Cornel Wilde. The plot, however, lacks a dramatic focal point, moving too slowly in building the romance of the playboy of the racing set and the Boston socialite, with intervals of conflict provided by the other woman, Helen Walker. James Gleason is fine in supporting rôle.

WOMAN ON THE BEACH—RKO

No one seems to be very happy in this somber romantic melodrama, starring Joan Bennett, as wife of a blind artist, Charles Bickford, and Robert Ryan, as the Coast Guardsman stationed on a lonely beach and troubled by fantastic nightmares (a fine piece of camera work). But these characters will give you exciting moments when Ryan tries to prove the artist is faking blindness to hold his wife. First he lets him stumble over a cliff, then on a stormy day takes him on a deep sea fishing trip. But Nan Leslie, the girl he really loves, comes to the rescue for a happy fadeout.

APACHE ROSE—Republic

There's plenty of action as usual in this Roy Rogers Western, but something new has been added. It's Roy's first in color and his fans will like it, as well as the broader scope of settings. The story tells his exciting experiences as an oil well engineer, guarding the interest of some Spanish gentry from seizure by the villain, the owner of a gambling ship. Dale Evans plays the skipper of a tug boat, but finds time to masquerade as the senorita the villain is gunning for, and to sing, both with and without the Sons of the Pioneers.

THE OTHER LOVE—Enterprise-U.A.

The film version of Erich Maria Remarque's novel turns out to be as weepy as the most sentimental-minded could ask for. Barbara Stanwyck's rôle as the renowned pianist with an obscure lung ailment is handled with restraint up to the tragic climax. No, don't look for the happy ending. David Niven, the doctor at the Swiss sanitarium, who marries her knowing he will never be able to cure her, and Richard Conte, scoring in his first romantic rôle, as playboy and sportsman, who fills her brief life with luxury—neither can change her fate.

Jealous sisters get Cary in DOUBLE JAM!

When an amorous bobby-soxer latches on to a bashful bachelor, her glamorous big sister, a lady judge, fixes things in court...and does she *fix* things!

World Premiere
RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
NEW YORK

You may be the Copa girl of the year!

WATCH FOR THE COPA GIRL CONTEST

at all local theatres, held in conjunction with the showing of United Artists' latest musical rave, "COPACABANA."

The contest, sponsored by the Arrow Brassiere Company, exclusive producers of COPA BRAS, will bestow on the lucky winners, the six most beautiful and shapely among the contestants, wondrous, elaborate prizes . . . Screen Tests, Expensive Wardrobes, all-expense-paid Trips to New York, and some Royal Entertainment.

BUT DEFINITELY, YOU, TOO, WILL WIN!

Yes, you, too, can win the COPA BRA *uplift to beauty.* The next bra you buy, ask for COPA, the style-lovely new ARROW BRA with that gay Copa Swing Stitching that serves to separate and mould . . . that gently, yet firmly, holds to the natural, fully rounded curves that characterize the young figure. *For details of "The Copa Girl Contest" contact your local theatre or department store or write to the Arrow Brassiere Co.*

CARMEN MIRANDA
appearing in
"COPACABANA",
a United Artists Release.
The name "Copacabana"
was inspired by
Monte Proser's Copacabana
Night Club in N.Y.

ARROW AIMS AT ALLURE

Arrow Bra

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ON ITS WAY TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE!

Of course you can . .

go in swimming . .

with Tampax!

WHY ENVY OTHERS at that certain time of the month? You can wear Tampax in the water on sanitary-protection days and no one will be the wiser! This summer at any popular beach, you are almost sure to find many women who go in swimming on "those days"—wearing Tampax without *any* hesitation whatever. . . . There is nothing about Tampax in the slightest degree embarrassing (or offending) under bathing suits wet or dry.

WORN INTERNALLY, Tampax discards belts, pins, outside pads—everything that can possibly "show." Perfected by a doctor, Tampax is made of highly absorbent cotton compressed in modern applicators for dainty insertion. The hands need never touch the Tampax. No odor forms. There is no chafing with Tampax. Changing is quick and disposal easy.

COMES IN 3 SIZES (Regular, Super, Junior). Sold at drug stores and notion counters in every part of the country—because millions of women are now using this newer type of monthly sanitary protection. A whole month's supply will go into your purse. The Economy Box holds four months' supply (average). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

LARRY PARKS

JOAN CRAWFORD

EDWARD G. ROBINSON

BARBARA STANWYCK

Fans' Forum

Worthy Words

Any suggestions of either critical or complimentary nature are worthy words to stars, producers, writers—all of the movie crew. Write down your views and send them to Fans' Forum. Monthly awards for the best letters published: $10.00, $5.00, and ten $1.00 prizes. Closing date is the 25th of the month.

Please address your letters to Fans' Forum, SCREENLAND, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

REALISM WITHOUT SADISM

First Prize Letter
$10.00

As a consistent reader of SCREENLAND, I should like to take advantage of this opportunity to voice a suggestion in the interest of better screen entertainment.

We, the customers, like and appreciate realism. That is, reality. We like to see how others have solved the big and little conflicts of life. We adore adventure, danger, suspense. We even get a big kick out of costume pictures of other times. We can stand quite a bit of corn along this line.

But there is a type of scene that has become too common on the screen today. I refer to those long drawn out closeups showing man's inhumanity to man.

The other evening, during the torture scene in a certain costume picture where a man's brains seemed to be oozing out under pressure of a steel band actuated by a screw, a young boy exclaimed indignantly, "What a perfectly foul picture."

We customers ask for a moratorium on sadism. A rest from those intimate workings-over, gloatings, sufferings, screams, whips, gore, the final breaking of a man's last reserves. These scenes have become embarrassing, like suddenly finding yourself at a peep-show. I believe we are embarrassed to think that somewhere someone figures out that we would get some sort of pleasure or emotional release from such odious scenes. We don't.

Isn't that the sort of thing we have been endeavoring to stamp out of the world? Let's start with the world of entertainment. For awhile, at least, just a little vacation from sadism, please.

MRS. W. H. BACKMAN, Hermosa Beach, Calif.

HILL-BILLY PORTRAIT

Second Prize Letter
$5.00

I've been pretty disgusted many times at the way the movies portray the so-called "hill-billy" characters whenever they show them. Of course, I know that motion pictures are largely "make-believe," but most portrayals of "hill" people are stretched so far that their "make-believe" becomes rather ridiculous.

As one of the hill people, I know the way we're generally shown in movies is about as unreal as anything can be, and makers of pictures ought to learn what we are like before attempting to portray us. Showing us as gaunt, ungainly characters, half-toothless, poorly clothed, unshaven, barefooted, living only in cabins on hillsides, and traveling only by mule, or on foot, etc., is most certainly not the hill people of today as I know them.

I wonder if picture producers really know, or have tried to know, what we are like today. While most of us are tall, that's true, we are far from ungainly and awkward. And we go to dentists, too, when we need dental attention. We dress moderately well in modern clothes. Most of us own and use safety razors, and outside of some real "old-timers" our homes are modern, most of them painted, and not all of them are built on hillsides by any means. Most of them are equipped, or are being equipped, with electricity, too, and believe it or not, a lot of us own and drive automobiles, have radios, refrigerators, etc. Yes, our youngsters go to high school, too, and during the war, our young men and women served with distinction in many branches of the service. In fact, we are pretty much like the people who live away from the

Threat to Loveliness

The "Bottle Bacillus"
(Pityrosporum ovale)

HOW MANY GERMS ON YOUR SCALP RIGHT NOW?

As a precaution against infectious dandruff make Listerine Antiseptic part of regular hair care.

It's getting to be a delightful "must" with countless fastidious women. And for a very good reason. Anyone can catch infectious dandruff. Thousands do, often without being aware of it. Those little telltale flakes on hair or dress may be a warning!

Why not be on your guard against an infected scalp and its ugly flakes and scales that can mar the shining beauty of your hair? Try the delightful Listerine Antiseptic "bath" along with every shampoo. It kills millions of the dreaded "bottle bacillus" germs (Pityrosporum ovale) that many dermatologists point to as a causative agent of this distressing condition.

Easy and delightful

You'll love this simple, easy "must" as part of your program for good looks and good grooming. See how marvelously clean, how wonderfully cool, refreshed and gloriously alive Listerine Antiseptic makes your scalp feel! See how it helps guard against those distressing flakes and scales, leaving your hair in all its natural, shining glory and freshness.

Remember, Listerine Antiseptic is the same safe, reliable, many-purpose antiseptic that has been a household stand-by for 3 generations. Made by pioneers in Oral Hygiene and proved effective in more than 60 years of day-in-day-out use!

P.S. While you're about it, as a precaution against infection, wash combs and brushes . . . then douse thoroughly with Listerine Antiseptic to kill lurking "bottle bacillus."

Lambert Pharmacal Company
St. Louis, Missouri

NO DULL DRAB HAIR

When You Use This Amazing

4 Purpose Rinse

LOVALON, simple and quick to use after a shampoo, does these 4 things to give YOUR hair glamour and beauty:

1. Brings out lustrous highlights.
2. Adds a rich, natural tint to hair.
3. Rinses away shampoo or soap film.
4. Leaves hair soft, easy to manage.

LOVALON does not permanently dye or bleach — merely tints the hair as it rinses. Comes in 12 flattering shades. Try Lovalon.

At stores which sell toilet goods

25¢ and 10¢ sizes

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hills. There are exceptions, of course, but they are getting fewer every year.

So, producers, why don't you give us "hill-billy" folks, and our way of life, an honest break? We certainly deserve it after all the kicking around we've had from you in the past.

PAUL F. TOLSON, Washington, W. Va.

OSCAR ARGUMENT
$1.00

Well, the Academy Awards have been given out, and I would like to put in my two cents worth about them, if I may. Most of the awards I heartily agreed with, but there are a few changes I would have made, if I had been given the chance.

For instance, I don't see how anyone could doubt that Olivia deHavilland certainly earned hers for her splendid work in "To Each His Own." She's worked a long time for her Oscar, ever since she was nosed out of the race in 1939 for "Gone with the Wind," and again in 1941 for "Hold Back the Dawn." I've heard that there is a feud, so to speak, between Miss deHavilland and her sister, Joan Fontaine. That's too bad, because they're both fine actresses, and I certainly hope that they disregard those vicious rumors, and get back together like sisters should.

When the vote was cast for the best supporting stars of the year, I had no doubt that Anne Baxter and Harold Russell would win for their work in "The Razor's Edge" and "The Best Years of Our Lives," respectively. Both of their performances were wonderful and sincere.

The only award I would like to complain about is the best performance by an actor and the best picture award. Not that I don't think Fredric March didn't do a magnificent job in "The Best Years of Our Lives," but I just don't agree with the award. In my opinion, Larry Parks deserved the Academy Award for his marvelous portrayal of Al Jolson in the picture, "The Jolson Story." He had a very difficult job to cope with, that of doing the life story of a man who is well known to the American public, and he handled it with perfection. Larry's imitations and facial expressions were so realistic that he almost made you believe it was Al Jolson, himself, on the screen. However, I believe that if it hadn't been necessary to dub Al's voice, Larry Parks would have won an Oscar, but it's as impossible to imitate the great Jolson's voice as it is to reach for the moon and get it.

Anyway, I've spoken my mind, and it makes me feel a lot better, so even if Larry Parks didn't win, I would like to say that I think it's wonderful the way Hollywood handles its Academy Awards—in the true democratic manner.

ROGER DOAN, Alexandria, Va.

MOVIES FOR ART'S SAKE
$1.00

Hollywood, it's high time that you began looking to your laurels, for the British film industry bids fair to snatch them from you. Out of the past year's films is there any Hollywood movie to compare to the splendor of "Henry V" and "Caesar and Cleopatra," or to the excellence of "The Seventh Veil," and "Brief Encounter"? What actresses with the ability of an Ann Todd or a Deborah Kerr, or actors of the calibre of a Stewart Granger or a James Mason has Hollywood discovered and developed of late? Hollywood should concentrate less on mere artifice and more on scratching beneath shallowness and superficiality. I firmly believe that our American motion picture industry is being held back by too great a preoccupation with mere show-window glitter, whereas the British make up for what they lack materially and technically with a wealth of warmth, depth and sincerity.

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WHAT'S SO GOOD about Ex-Lax that over 40 million boxes were sold last year?

Why has Ex-Lax been America's favorite family laxative for more than 40 years?

Because millions know, from experience, how dependable Ex-Lax is...how thoroughly it acts, yet how *gently*, too. It is biologically tested for effective action.

And how grown-ups, as well as children, go for that swell chocolate taste! They take Ex-Lax with a smile . . . not a shudder.

So get Ex-Lax, the laxative that millions have learned to trust! As a precaution, use only as directed. Still only 10¢. Economy size, 25¢.

When Nature "forgets"...remember

EX-LAX

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ACTS WELL . . . TASTES SWELL

Margaret O'Brien is rightfully proud of her autographed picture from President Truman, inscribed: "Kindest regards to Margaret O'Brien, a charming young lady and a great actress."

"Henry V" for instance, could not have been a work of art without the lavishing upon it of much "Love," of a kind—it was a "labor of love" for all who took part in it.

Hollywood does not seem to agree that "the play's the thing." Here, everything seems to be intended for the glorification of the star. A good story will be cut or a character remolded to fit his or her talent, when it is the star who should be altered to do justice to the character or story. In film biographies, too, Hollywood seems to have a sudden distaste for the truth altered for the sake of "color." Witness "A Song to Remember," "Night and Day," and "Song of Scheherazade."

Many of the films sent abroad for foreign consumption do America and the American people very much of a disservice by their misrepresentation, causing the people of other countries to think us shallow and superficial, a country of millionaires and gangsters intent merely on the pursuit of pleasure and personal, selfish gratification.

What of real artistic merit is Hollywood now bringing us? A doctored "Forever Amber" and a violent "Duel in the Sun." Can't Hollywood concentrate less on violence and more on art? The motion picture is an art form as well as an entertainment medium. Unlimited possibilities and opportunities for experimentation and achievement have been opened up by a few men of vision such as Laurence Olivier. "The Best Years of Our Lives" and "To Each His Own" can be said to point in the right direction; but there is a long way to be traveled before the road's end is reached.

NATALIE J. SMALL, Ludlow, Mass.

REMEMBER THE "IT" GIRL?

$1.00

A recent broadcast, during the course of which a mysterious "Mrs. Hush" was identified as Clara Bow, the favorite of the silent and early-talkie screen, brought back nostalgic memories for those of us who were teen-aged youngsters (and rabid movie fans) during the lush period of the 20's.

Clara Bow! That was a name to conjure with before the screen uttered its first lisping sounds. And what pictures Clara made! True, they were not masterpieces of motion picture art; but they entertained the public, which is the prime requisite of any picture, even during ths days of complicated motion picture mechanics.

According to reports, Hollywood producers are lamenting the fact that their films are not making money at the box office. In my humble opinion, if these same producers would film stories of the calibre that Clara Bow used to make, they just couldn't keep the people out of the theaters. Naturally, I don't mean to imply that they should employ the old-fashioned technique of Clara's pictures, but rather that they should run some of them again and study the method of their earthy entertainment value, meticulously extract this knowledge, then apply it to all of the technical facts they've piled up through the years. They then will have their fingers on the fluctuating public pulse, and will be able to sit comfortably back and watch the customers come in again.

Incidentally, why not have Clara herself back on the screen again? According to a recent photograph of her, the years have dealt very kindly with her, and she has lost little of the vivacious beauty and sex appeal that made her so popular in the 20's and 30's. Certainly, she could handle the type of rôles that some of her age-group contemporaries, such as Claudette Colbert, Irene Dunne, Barbara Stanwyck or Mary Astor, to mention a few, do. Conclusively, let's have Clara back!

MAURICE JACOBS, Philadelphia, Pa.

(Please turn to page 21)

Pity the young wife held back *by false modesty...*

Often a married woman has no one but herself to blame if her husband starts losing interest—

False modesty may have kept her from consulting her Doctor. Or perhaps she very foolishly has followed *old-fashioned* and *wrong* advice of friends.

If only young wives would realize how important douching two or three times a week often is to intimate feminine cleanliness, health, charm and *marriage happiness*. If only they'd learn about this newer, scientific method of douching with—ZONITE.

No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested is SO POWERFUL yet SO HARMLESS

Up-to-date, well-informed women no longer use old-fashioned, weak or dangerous products.

The ZONITE principle is truly a miracle! No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is SO POWERFUL yet SO SAFE to tissues. Absolutely *non-poisonous, non-burning, non-irritating*. ZONITE positively contains no phenol, no bichloride of mercury, no creosote. You can use ZONITE as directed *as often as needed* without risk of injury.

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Queen of the Hairways

LOTS of people have the wrong idea about movie stars. They think that all Hollywood lovelies have to do is sit and pose before cameras, bask in the sun, have fun, and look beautiful. And that the "looking beautiful" business is simple because they have nothing else to do. Well, that idea would win the blue ribbon for gross exaggeration. A movie star's life is no bed of roses. Anyone who's tried it soon finds that out.

Movie stars are just people like you and me, you know. They have the same beauty problems, too. Take hair, for instance. Do you think our hair queen, Jeanne Crain, would have such beautiful tresses if she didn't take care of them? Not on your life. She and all the other movie stars really have to put their beauty to the test. Their hair takes a terrific beating under hot Klieg lights and out on location in dusty surroundings. Sometimes they even have to fall into a pool of water for a scene take—not all of this can be done by stand-ins, you know. Then, lots of our glamor girls have to cut and color their hair to suit whatever rôle they're playing. All this plays havoc with the hair, as you can well understand, and leisure time is at a premium in Hollywood. When a picture is being shot, stars often have to be on the set at six in the morning and stay there all day. Yes, ma'm, acting is hard work, and don't let anyone tell you otherwise.

Jeanne Crain, the lovely with the loveliest hair, looks good in any type of coif. She believes that those who take good care of their hair will be able to do anything with it. Jeanne's next for 20th is "Chicken Every Sunday."

Up or down, we think Jeanne Crain's halo is "most beautiful" because she knows just how to keep it that way

By Claire Finucane

of mine. Then there is Edward G. Robinson. I like him. Mr. Robinson, I believe would be the finest kind of a next-door neighbor—of the old-fashioned variety, tolerant, interested and kind. But the person with whom I would rather talk and walk—to whom I would like to say, "Now, see here, my friend . . ." is Joan Crawford. In my opinion, she's quite a person. Her immense enthusiasm intrigues me; her complete intentness on life and things make her a person apart. But I would say to her, "Relax, Joan, relax. One brief life is too brief to do everything. And, another item, dear lady, please don't go pseudo on us. It is extremely passé. Anyway, we love you very much and we want you to stay with us for a long time to come—so just take it easy."

MELISSA TURNER, San Francisco, Calif.

AWESOME ATOM

$1.00

The greatly ballyhooed, long anticipated "The Beginning or the End" has reached our local theater, and to say that I am distressed and embarrassed over the hollow pretentiousness of this so-called "Dramatic Story of the Atom Bomb" is expressing the situation in the mildest and most charitable terms.

It would have seemed that, with such an awesome subject, vital and urgent as it is to every human being on this earth, the producers would have eschewed all false heroics and trumped-up theatricalism, and given us the story of the atom bomb straight and true, expressed in terms of the utmost sincerity and honesty. Such expectations were completely demolished in the very beginning of the picture when spectators were asked to imagine that the story which was to follow was being deposited in a time capsule for "future generations."

Every time I think of that group of wooden figures gathered around that "capsule," the portentous announcement that followed, and the "recorded" story of the atom bomb, with the soldier flirting with a secretary, a young couple squeezing gooey mud between their toes, and other ridiculous scenes, I am consumed with embarrassment and shame— shame for the woeful inadequacy of movie writers who could not

Our cover girl, June Haver, star of 20th Century-Fox', "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now" and "Scudda Hoo, Scudda Hay," brightens the beach scene in Jantzen's "Corker" swim suit. Clever use of color, half red and half lime, creates a striking effect.

RANDOLPH SCOTT

is at home
off the range . . .

and making himself
at home with

DOLORES MORAN

. . . but when
Aunt Matilda
cries "Please!"
. . . pardner, he
gets there for

"CHRISTMAS EVE"

It's merry!

yes... turn again!

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Before and After

DO IT AT HOME IN 7 SHORT WEEKS!

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rise above cheap, threadbare, manufactured situations in dealing with the most compelling and urgent situation the race of man ever encountered.

I am not above simple, sweet love stories, honest, homely sentiment, or the small, seemingly trivial incidents of everyday life that go to create a world of happiness and well-being for the average man and woman. But I feel cheated and disappointed when inexcusable trivialities and cheap, bombastic devices like "time capsules" are represented to me as being "the story of the most hush-hush secret of all time."

MITCHUM DYNAMITE

$1.00

There is a personality on the screen today that we haven't seen the likes of in many a moon. He definitely has what it takes. Why, he'd stand out in any crowd, and to top it all, he can act. Who am I talking about? Robert Mitchum, of course.

Those devilish eyes, that cleft chin, that unruly hair, mmmm and that physique. Put it all together and you've got—dynamite. Oh, and we mustn't forget that voice. He has the type of voice you can't forget, somewhat the same quality as Humphrey Bogart.

I'd better stop now, or I'll go on and on singing his praises. You can be sure of one thing—there won't be a Mitchum picture I'll miss. I should say not. And I'll wager he'll be one of the biggest all-time stars in Hollywood. Wanna bet?

JEWEL D'ARCOURT, New Orleans, La.

MERITS OF THE MACABRE

Honorable Mention

I am glad to see there has been a successful spate of film thrillers recently. For "Crime" possesses all the ingredients that make for enjoyable entertainment, and contains all the necessary attributes that make for good story telling—excitement, romance, adventure, and that essential quality of the unexpected.

The cinema is a perfect medium for conveying that sense of the eerie and dramatic suspense, such as contained in "The Killers" and "The Spiral Staircase." And, oddly enough, thrillers are usually the most moral of tales, as they invariably seek vengeance on the wrong-doer, and enlist the aid of chivalry in the fight of good against evil.

From Shakespeare to Sherlock, writers have realized the value of the "dramatic" and what better method of transcribing the merits of the macabre, than the screen, which can lay its photographic finger on the grimmer sides of city streets, enabling us to participate in the dangers that lie hidden there, and experience the excitement of bringing villain to justice?

JOYCE BRADY, Liverpool, England

NO EXAGGERATION

Honorable Mention

How many SCREENLAND readers realize they can use this magazine's ads for securing the best in movie entertainment? Not long ago, I was wondering what movie I wanted to see, when I turned through the pages of SCREENLAND and my eye lit on the ad of "The Time, the Place and the Girl." When I saw it, I soon realized that the full-page ad it rated was not an exaggeration. Congrats to two top guys in a movie that is certainly tops!

Jack Carson and Dennis Morgan gave simply super performances in this rollicking play, and let me also add a plug for Janis Paige and Carmen Cavallero. Keep it up. Let us know what's what in the way of entertainment.

JEAN ALICE McCALEB, Douglas, Wyo.

Louis B. Mayer sits in at the beginning of a song which Irving Berlin composed and Judy Garland will sing in her next musical for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, "Easter Parade."

Hot from Hollywood

Continued from page 6

THE day we called on Linda Darnell, believe it or not, "Amber" had been kissed so much she was getting a neck massage. "It wasn't the actual kissing," she reassured us, "but Cornel Wilde, Richard Greene, Glenn Langan, George Sanders and John Russell are all from two to six inches over six feet tall. I really had to look up to them!"

AT THIS particular moment, Greg Bautzer, who happens to be as handsome as a movie star, has two stars guessing. Both Joan Caulfield and Joan Crawford are on the receiving end of Greg's charming attentions. And the two Joans couldn't be more opposite, regardless of how you make comparisons. Amusing sidelight is the Caulfield's great admiration for the Crawford. Before she ever dreamed of growing up and becoming a movie star, the blonde Joan saw the brunette Joan in every picture.

"BABY" Bacall, who isn't (for a change!) in "Treasure of the Sierra Madre" with Bogey, went with him on location to Mexico just the same. They've never been separated, which is one of several good reasons why she says their marriage will last. As a gag to pull on her husband, La Bacall borrowed a black wig from Perc Westmore. She's going to wear it all the time they're in Mexico to help keep Mr. Bogart in the "mood" of the picture.

AT a recent party, Clark Gable and Ida Lupino were seated next to each other. Naturally they got into a lengthy conversation. Three hours later when she got home, Ida received a phone call from a leading columnist. She wanted to know if it was true that Ida was having a "hot" romance with Clark. "But, of *course,*" cracked the inimitable "Loopy." "We know each other so well, I still call him—Mister Gable!"

HOLLYWOOD success story! Years ago when pay checks were few and far between, Cornel Wilde sold tickets in a suburban picture palace. He worked there a week and during that period a Ginger Rogers picture was on the bill. Early this fall Cornel will co-star with Ginger in Columbia's "I Found a Dream." A "dream" we might add, that Cornel "found" by beating his brains out!

FOR a scene in "The Unsuspected," Hurd Hatfield had to burst in and open a door quickly. Director Mike Curtiz rehearsed and rehearsed it because he wanted the first take to be perfect. Hurd burst in and lunged for the door. It stuck and he was so surprised he just stood there speechless. "Open the door—*rigid,*" cracked Mike, while everyone on the set roared.

THE night she returned from her hectic European trip with Bob Taylor, Barbara Stanwyck had dinner with the Jack Bennys. (She came by train as Bob wanted to pilot his own plane back and

...and wait till you see what happens when they all get together to rescue AUNT MATILDA

...on CHRISTMAS EVE

Benedict Bogeaus presents

GEORGE RAFT
GEORGE BRENT
RANDOLPH SCOTT
JOAN BLONDELL
VIRGINIA FIELD
DOLORES MORAN
and ANN HARDING

in

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Reginald Denny • Douglas Dumbrille • Clarence Kolb • Dennis Hoey
John Litel • Walter Sande • Joe Sawyer • Konstantin Shayne

Screenplay by Laurence Stallings

Adapted from original stories by
Laurence Stallings and Richard H. Landau

Produced by BENEDICT BOGEAUS • Directed by Edwin L. Marin

Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

Lifting Your Heart to the Highlands of Adventure...

Barbara is terrified of flying.) When she entered the Benny drawing room, the one and only Jack, the quipper, started playing a recording of "The Last Time I Saw Paris."

IF THE rumor is true, Greer Garson, who's been pretty miserable over the break-up of her marriage, has every reason to smile again. 'Tis said her MGM bosses presented her with a bonus in the form of a new home at Del Mar, purchase price supposedly around $50,000.

PRETTY and talented Helena Carter, who plays Bob Hutton's wife in "Time Out of Mind," isn't wasting any time in Hollywood. She's had dates with all the charming and eligible bachelors. She announced her engagement to author John McClain—and broke it. Now, in "Something in the Wind," she's playing opposite John Dall in the daytime and dating him in the evening.

George Sanders relaxes as the hairdresser gives him a stylish hairdo of the Charles II period before one of the last scenes of "Forever Amber."

Linda Darnell and her husband, Peverell Marley, above, join the "Forever Amber" cast and crew at a party given to celebrate the end of shooting on the $7,000,000 film.

It's an unsuspected duet that Hurd Hatfield and Harry Lewis give Audrey Totter on the set of the Michael Curtiz production, "The Unsuspected," for release by Warners.

June Bride

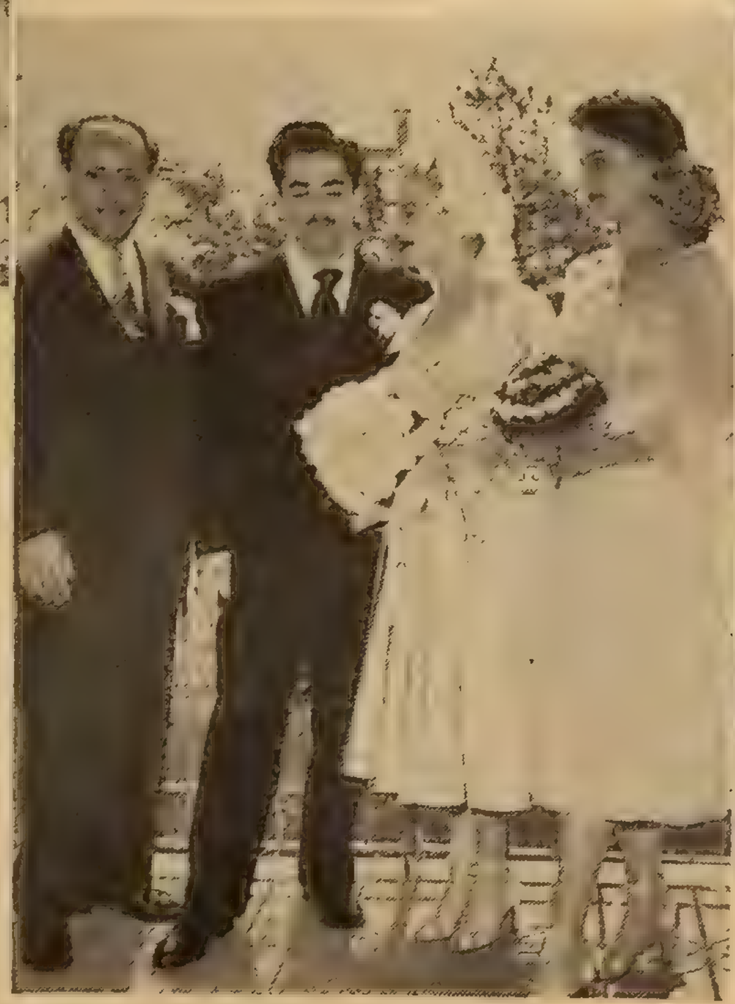
June Haver once told us that when she married, it would be a June wedding. Instead, the little minx eloped to Las Vegas March 9, with Jimmy Zito, whom she met seven years ago when both were with Ted Fio Rito's band. After consultation with their parish priest, the young couple separated until they could be remarried according to Catholic procedure. So on March 26, in their parish church, St. Timothy's, Father W. T. O'Shea performed the ceremony. Photos show the reception attended by 300 guests

A kiss for the bride from the groom. June wore a simple ballerina-style gown of heirloom white satin with a low-necked basque jacket, designed by 20th Century-Fox's stylist, Bonnie Cashin. On her head she wore a coronet of white flowers with starched lace bow, designed by Keneth Hopkins. At right, "Bless you, my children," says Lon McCallister, June's co-star in "Scudda Hoo, Scudda Hay."

Another kiss for the beautiful bride, this time from Charles Russell. Remember him in "The Late George Apley," as the boy who wooed and won Peggy Cummins? But off the screen, Nancy Guild is the girl on Charlie's mind. They're scheduled to wed soon.

Exclusive photos by Jack Albin

The cake-cutting ceremony is always important. The cake for June and Jimmy was a four-tiered masterpiece but even so, there wasn't enough for all 300 guests to take home a piece to put under their pillows to dream on.



The Zitos leave church after the ceremony, above. At right, with their attendants: bandleader Ted Fio Rito, and June's pretty sister, Evelyn Haver. Members of the bride's family who witnessed the wedding were Mr. and Mrs. Bert Haver, June's mother and step-father; Mr. and Mrs. William Flynn, sister and brother-in-law; Mr. and Mrs. Dale Kissinger, her aunt and uncle; and her grandmother, Mrs. Alice Stumphy. Only non-family witness was Myrtle Ford, star's hairdresser. So here, Junie, for your scrapbook, a record of the most wonderful event in your life—so far.

INSIDE THE STUDIOS

★

Garfield the great lover? Looks like it from these closeups! "Humoresque" started something in the career of this forceful young actor, and now in "Body and Soul" he's continuing to romance the ladies. Above, rehearsing with Hazel Brooks the sultry siren picked by Enterprise Pictures for the biggest build-up since Bacall and Lizabeth Scott. At right, Lilli Palmer gives in gracefully as the real love in Garfield's life in "Body and Soul."

★

Jimmy Stewart and Paulette Goddard clown, Garfield rehearses love scene with new charmer—catch up with Hollywood here

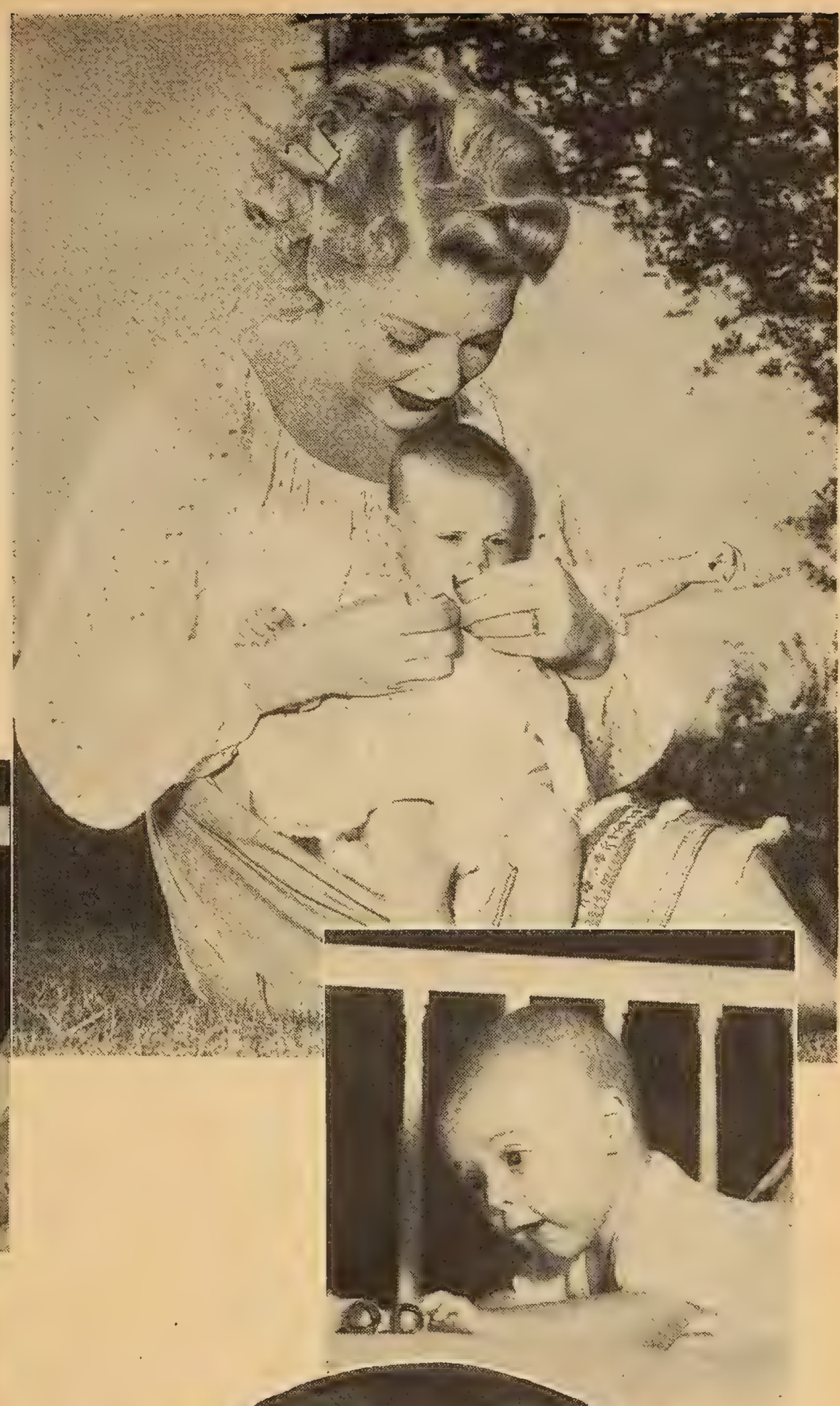
It was fun making "A Miracle Can Happen." Jimmy Stewart and his long-time pal, Hank Fonda, play two short-haired musicians in one sequence of the Benedict Bogeaus production, while Paulette Goddard stars in another episode with her husband, Burgess Meredith, co-producer with Bogeaus of the United Artists release. Nothing stodgy on this set, the prevailing atmosphere of camaraderie is sure to show on the screen.

Lindsay Diane celebrates her three-month birthday quietly in her Brentwood, California, home. Publisher Paul Hunter, left, dropped in for a visit. Betty, above, cuts new capers in Paramount's comedy thriller, "Perils of Pauline." Below, Betty and her husband, Ted Briskin, camera manufacturer, pose by their daughter's bed.

Exclusive photos by Bud Fraker, Paramount

Just three months old—and already Lindsay Diane Briskin is stealing spotlight from her famous mom, Betty Hutton

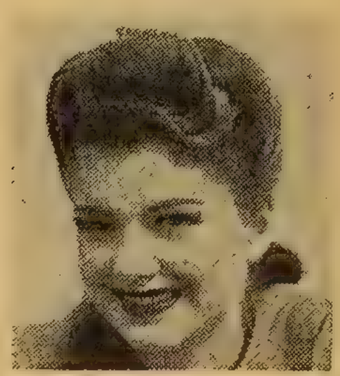
Lindsay Diane turned out to be the cameraman's joy, never cried once even when the camera caught her at her ablutions, left, and getting prettied up in her chic pink silk jacket, right. Betty says, "It's a little too early to tell, but from all appearances Lindsay Diane is headed straight for an acting career. And if, when she's old enough, that's what she decides to do, it's all right with me."



Betty's Baby

SCREEN *Tests*

☆ By ALMA TALLEY ☆



A SHORT STORY FOR MOVIE FANS

To complete the anecdote below, each of the blanks can be filled in with the last name of a well-known movie player. But do not be too literal about the spelling. The number of letters in each name gives you a clue.

★

One fine ____ a _____ saw a lovely _____ girl wearing a _____ _____ dress with a _____ in her hair. Wishing to impress her, he threw a ____ with all his _____. It was his ____ to toss it over the _____ of his _____ house, but it hit the window _____ instead, and fell on a ____ basket of potatoes, which spilled over into the tall _____ of grass nearby. Then his grandmother came _____ing indignantly out on the porch. "You're _____ enough to know better," she said. "Pick up all those potatoes before it _____ and then _____ straight into the house."

MOVIE ANAGRAM REBUS

In the list below are ten well-known movie names. By adding and subtracting letters from each one, as indicated, and re-arranging the spelling, you will have the names of ten other equally well-known players. How many can you do?

☆

1. La Marr + D — M + G + N — R
2. Grayson — R + L — G + L
3. Colbert — L — C + N — T + O
4. Andrews + T — N — D + T
5. Raymond — Y + S + G — M — D
6. Colman + L — O + D + I — C
7. Haver — E + A + O — V
8. Grable — L + M + N
9. Sanders + L — S + L — S
10. Barrie — R + T — I + X

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

The combination AY occurs somewhere in all the last names to be worked out below — all well known in movies. Can you fill out the blanks and find sixteen names in which AY appears as given? Several of the answers are interchangeable and are numbered for convenience only.

★

1. __ A Y
2. __ A Y __
3. __ A Y __
4. __ A Y __
5. __ A Y __
6. A Y __ __ __
7. __ A Y __ __
8. __ A Y __ __
9. __ A Y __ __
10. __ A Y __ __ __
11. __ A Y __ __ __
12. __ A Y __ __ __
13. __ __ A Y __ __ __
14. __ A Y __ __ __ __
15. __ A Y __ __ __ __ __
16. __ A Y __ __ __ __

(Answers on page 94)

the double life of Vanessa Brown

By Robbin Coons

Why Miss Smylla Brind, college junior of 19, is the severest critic of Miss Vanessa Brown, promising young movie actress

One and the same girl, yet so different: 20th's charming starlet Vanessa Brown (shown at left with Rex Harrison on "The Ghost and Mrs. Muir" set) is still schoolgirl Smylla Brind, her real name. At right, with Betty Grable in a scene from "Mother Wore Tights."

THE editor of *The Daily Bruin*, campus newspaper at the University of California at Los Angeles, glanced over the "copy" just turned in by Miss Smylla Brind, *Bruin* feature writer, book and movie critic. It was her review on the film, "I've Always Loved You."

"This," pronounced Ye Ed, "will never do. Why are you picking on Vanessa Brown? I think she's pretty good, and other critics say so, too."

"I," said Smylla firmly, "thought she was terrible."

The editor smiled, a thoughtful editorial smile. "Tell you what. I'll assign another reviewer to that picture. *You* are prejudiced."

"Okay," Smylla surrendered. "But I still say she was *awful!*"

Miss Smylla Brind, who is a charmingly fresh, blue-eyed, brown-haired college junior of 19, is the severest critic of Miss Vanessa Brown, a charmingly fresh, blue-eyed, brown-haired actress at 20th Century-Fox Studios. This is so because Smylla Brind and Vanessa Brown are the same girl—and Smyllas' standards for Vanessa as an actress are high.

For this reason, in all probability, she will not be allowed to pass judgment on "The Late George Apley," on "Mother Wore Tights," nor on "The Ghost and Mrs. Muir," all pictures in which the star of Vanessa Brown rises and shines brightly.

Vanessa has been doing so well in pictures, in fact, that it has become increasingly difficult for Smylla Brind to keep her double life" as actress and student from the campus at large. For two years only *(Please turn to page 75)*

Happy

"Peggy Cummins is so young in spirit she ages me," admits ace reporter Wilkinson. "But I like it. All the boys do!" And you'll like this story about her

By Lupton A. Wilkinson

EDMUND SPENSER, great English poet, whose Sixteenth Century spelling reads a trifle odd to us, as ours would to him, wrote a famous line:

"Summer is icumen in."

Well, this is Cummins' summer. In fact, it's Cummins' year. You know the girl we're talking about. Name's Peggy. She has had the biggest build-up, the farthest let-down and the fastest zoom-back that any member of any profession, in this writer's memory or reading, ever had.

When the fair-skinned, blue-eyed Irish child (she seemed little more than that) came to this country, cast in the title rôle of "Forever Amber," she not only was given the biggest ballyhoo ever cascaded for a new star, she was handed Cornel Wilde as a co-star, and Vincent Price and heaven remembers who else for "extra" screen lovers. She was accepted, eagerly awaited, by the American public as a "great star," even though American audiences had never glimpsed her on the screen.

What arrived was a tiny (97 pound) nineteen-year-old, whose piquant face was framed by soft blonde hair. Remember those newspaper pictures? Luscious! The new "wonder" came heralded by London raves concerning her stage performances as *Fuffy* in "Junior Miss" (*Please turn to page* 76)

There's a happy atmosphere wherever Peggy is. Right, Vic Mature enjoys his job in 20th's "Moss Rose." Top, producer Markey and director Ratoff help Peggy celebrate her 21st birthday. She charms cameraman and—again—Mature. Left, tiny 5' 1" Peggy with Frank Lubin, 6' 6½" boom man on picture and Don Platt, 6' 6".

Cummins' Events!

Will You, Won't You Join The Dance?

Spring belle Elizabeth Taylor doesn't lack for dancing partners

And she's a movie hit, too, in MGM's film, "Cynthia"

FRED ROBBINS

Right off the Record

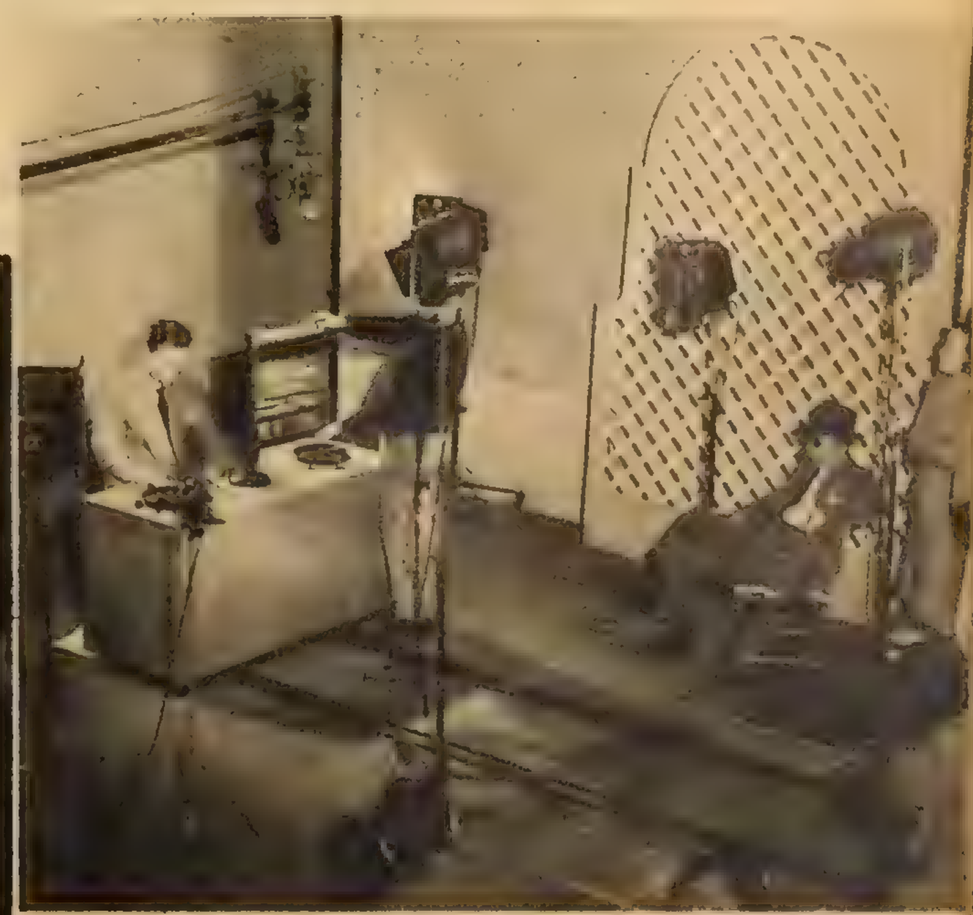
Here he is again, that dynamic young disk jockey who'll spill choice platter chatter and—don't forget—answer your questions. And oh, yes—Fred's in the movies now!

Fred Robbins, left, who conducts this new department, is the glamor-man of three, no less, radio shows: Columbia Record Shop on 500 stations coast to coast, the Teentimers Club, and the "1280 Club" of popular recordings. You'll see him on the screen soon in the latest in Columbia Pictures' "Thrills of Music" series, in which he is featured with Ray Anthony and his band and singer Johnny Desmond, above. Desmond looks like a good movie bet too, eh kids? Below, Fred Robbins gets set for his first film.

GREETINGS, Gate! Got your head on straight? Well, we got a date, so let's percolate! Don't worry, it's iced coffee we're cookin' for these fresh cookies so don't take the towel and run for the shower. Just lend me those sunburned eyes for a coupla ticks (minutes) and we'll knock you some kicks and some choice wordage on a mess of nice wax for your little ear.

HEAVENLY!

DINAH SHORE: Here's what I'm talking about! Oh, that Mrs. George Montgomery! Flow gently, sweet Dinah—and how she does—all the way through her triple peachy new album of 4 delicious cookies—eight songs! Um-m-m, there's "I've Got You Under My Skin" (and I have, Dinah), "Dixie," "Can't Help Lovin' that Man," "The Kerry Dance," "The Thrill Is Gone," "What Can I Say After I Say I'm Sorry," "There'll be Some Changes Made," "They Didn't Believe Me." Stand back, Jack, gimme some air! They're that swoony. *(Please turn to page 87)*



Presenting Screenland's Star Advisers

Discussing the question,

"IS TODAY'S YOUTH LIVING TOO FAST?"

Forum Conducted by Jack Holland

HOLLAND: Let's get right down to business—and into our subject. Do you think today's youth is living too fast? As a representative of that youth, Shirley, why don't you start it off for us?

SHIRLEY: I think it's more that older people are living too fast! And since young kids try to do what their elders do, I guess they're going at a fast clip too. I simply don't think older people are good examples. They always try to excuse their actions by saying to kids, "In my day, I never did such a thing." But you know they did.

IRENE: There isn't much doubt that the whole generation is living faster. Probably because they feel so much is up to them.

GLENN: What else can you expect of kids, especially in the age of the atom? Basically, though, they're just like any other generation. They're like a motor boat. The boat of 1920 was essentially the same as the one of 1947, but today's goes a lot faster.

BOB: That boat comparison is good, Glenn, only I like to fly. I used to take off in a plane that had 70 horsepower and cruised at 95 miles an hour top. I had plenty of time at that speed to think and make landings easily. Well, the boy of today takes off in a Lockheed Constellation with several thousand horse-

IRENE DUNNE, starring in "Life with Father."

ROBERT CUMMINGS, in "Heaven Only Kr

LINDA DARNELL, in "Forever Amber."

BOARD OF ADVISERS: IRENE DUNNE, ROBERT CUMMINGS, SHIRLEY TEMPLE, GLENN FORD, LINDA DARNELL

power. By the time he gets his gear up, he's practically nine miles from the field. He has to think and act faster.

LINDA: That reminds me of 1928 when my father got his first car and radio. How exciting that seemed! Youth progresses with the times.

IRENE: Yes, but I wonder if all this speed doesn't make youth become bored faster. To me, that's one of the principal faults of youth—being so easily bored. And yet I'm a booster for them in many ways.

GLENN: I can't help thinking that getting bored is good for kids. If that's a fault, it's not so much theirs as it is the world in which they live.

BOB: That's why it's important kids don't snarl themselves up. Since they must think faster, it's easier for them to get into trouble. It's a matter of preparing for life better so you won't lose sight of the airport—so you won't overshoot your limitations.

IRENE: But a good many boys and girls seem more (*Please turn to page* 80)

GLENN FORD, in "Framed" and "Man from Colorad

SHIRLEY TEMPLE, in "The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer."

WANT PERSONAL GUIDANCE FROM FAMOUS STARS?

This new feature is dedicated toward bringing you, the reader and movie-goer, into closer contact with Hollywood stars. We have selected five of Hollywood's top stars to give their frank opinions on important questions in round-table discussion. From now on, you, the reader, will select the subjects to be taken up at future sessions. What personal problem, or question of general interest, would you like these stars to discuss? Here's your chance to know the honest views of these famous people on vital questions. Screenland's Star Advisers will pick the problems which they consider the most interesting and suitable for discussion. It may be yours!

Jeanette, above, in her dressing-room. Picture on wall surrounded by "9's" shows Jeanette and her husband, Gene Raymond, commemorating their 9th wedding anniversary.

NOT ONLY the male stars who went to war are back on the screen. So is Jeanette MacDonald, who has an amazing story to tell. She quit the movies at the height of her world-wide fame as Hollywood's most popular prima donna. Can you believe she stayed away from MGM for four years?

"For reasons of my own!" she admits, with that gay laugh that is part of her enchantment. In person she now looks, if you are frankly curious, wonderful. Her beautiful wide eyes are as green, her soft hair is as gloriously Titian, and her skin as alabaster as so well-remembered. Her vivacity is as electrifying as ever. To do her complete justice, MGM's produced "The Birds and the Bees," her new picture, in the most revealing Technicolor tones. Meantime, until you once again see her charm on the screen, and react to it, listen to her.

"I came smack up against a lot of big challenges, and *I like a dare!* That's why I've been off the screen. I had to attend to them. I've grown used to facing skeptics, but I'll

Special event for MacDonald fans: here's the first interview with your favorite who's making her first film in four years

MGM fashion creator, Irene, designed a wonderful wardrobe for Jeanette's picture, "The Birds and the Bees." At right, the star with Jose Iturbi who's her husband in the film.

In her first mother rôle, Jeanette is shown above with her three "daughters," Jane Powell, Mary Eleanor Donahue and Ann Todd. At right, with big chief Louis B. Mayer and producer Pasternak.

IT'S A GAY "LIFE WITH FATHER"

Irene Dunne and William Powell play Mother and Father in Warner Bros.' screen version of the famous long-run play

Kodachromes by Fred Morgan

"Yah! Pigtails and freckles!" was the way Bing greeted her. But he helped her along the road to stardom in "Welcome Stranger" and Wanda Hendrix is grateful

"YAH! Pigtails an' freckles! Aren't you a funny-lookin' sight!"

That was the nonchalant style in which Bing Crosby greeted Wanda Hendrix. How can you be uneasy with a guy like that? You can't! And they shared numerous jokes during production. For instance: Often Bing would corner Wanda, proceeding to stare at her for long, silent moments. Then, as if suddenly inspired, he'd break out into ridiculous song: "Wanda, wandering rose of the wildwood."

To say nothing of his continual reference to her as "Spec," derived from her healthy freckles, natch. And there was rumbaing yet. Having been forced to master this Latin gyration for "Blue Skies," Bing insisted upon a daily practise partner—Miss Hendrix. This was to maintain previously accomplished adroitness. (*Please turn to page 98*)

Crosby's Candidate

By Yvonne Leonard

"Wanda, wandering rose of the wildwood" was the way Crosby would kiddingly serenade Wanda Hendrix between scenes of "Welcome Stranger." But Bing's still her favorite actor. Her performance in the Crosby-Fitzgerald opus was the first step toward stardom for this clever little actress.

Although he's officially Roy Rogers, Jr., Papa Roy was the first to call him "Dusty"

Just Call Him "Dusty!"

At top, rare informal shot of the whole Rogers family on the patio before Roy, Jr.'s, christening party. Above, "Dusty" with his three godparents, Leo Khoury, Evelyn Kay Koleman, whose publicity talents helped make Roy Rogers a household name, and "Whitey" Christensen, Roy's stand-in and best friend.

This Is What I *Believe*

Alan Ladd wishes he could discuss his beliefs with all of you who will be reading his article. If you care to write and tell him whether you agree or disagree with him, Alan will be very much interested. As he says, "It may be I'll end up by believing what you believe, if you have good arguments on your side!"

By *Alan Ladd*

WHEN MARRIED people have brought children into the world, as Sue and I have, they naturally can't help thinking about what kind of world they have brought them into and wondering how they can best prepare them for life in this strange new atomic age. Our daughter Alana is only four years old and David Alan a mere baby, yet we know that they will grow up full of wonder and curiosity about this world of ours.

Already Alana asks searching questions, and I don't doubt that when David is a little older, his questions too will make me think quite deeply. When the children grow old enough to ask, "What is the truth, daddy?" I hope I shall be able to answer their question as honestly as they ask it. I shall try to explain to

When his children (Alana, right above) and baby David Alan (above, with Sue and Alan) are old enough to ask, "What is the truth?" Mr. and Mrs. Ladd will try to answer their question as honestly as they ask it. Next Ladd feature for Paramount: "Saigon."

them the difference between facts we know to be true and beliefs we cherish but should be willing to change, if someone can prove them false.

Neither to my children nor to anyone else would I want to advance my beliefs as final. Any man who says, "Well, this is what I believe, and I'll never change my mind," is going through life with a closed mind. I like to discuss things with other people and get their viewpoints.

Setting down my beliefs on religion, politics and the future of war and peace seems rather presumptuous to me. Actors, it seems to me, have a rather unfair advantage over most other people, because our opinions are asked on various subjects, in which we may or may not be well-versed. However, SCREENLAND has asked me to set down my beliefs. As an actor I hesitate to do this, for I don't want to try to convert others to my viewpoint or my particular faith. I wouldn't even want to force my opinions on my own children. But let's pretend that they are a little older and that they have sat down on the front porch of our home in Hidden Valley, and have asked me, "Daddy, what do you think?"

Before telling them what I think, I wish I could discuss these subjects with all of you who are reading this, for if we were talking about these different things. I might change my opinions if your arguments were good ones. Obviously I can't ask all of you to sit here with me in Hidden Valley and tell me what you think before I set down what I believe. However, if you care to write and tell me what you believe and whether you agree or disagree with me, I'll be very much interested. And it may be that I'll end up by believing what you believe, if you have good arguments on your side, rather than what I think as I write this.

Life. I believe we should try to reach God in our daily lives, instead of expecting Him to reach for us. By that I don't mean that we can or should be God-like —that's too much to ask of human beings—but I think we should try to be as decent as we can instead of doing the wrong thing and then asking God to forgive us. Many seem to want God to come down and help them. Instead, we should try to do our best, instead of doing our worst and then asking forgiveness for it.

Death. Death arrives when your work is finished. I believe that every life has a purpose, good or bad, and when that purpose has been fulfilled, death follows. But even the criminal's life served a purpose. Perhaps (*Please turn to page* 92)

If you saw Don in "Humoresque" you'll want to see him again in Warner's "That Way with Women" (center above, with Martha Vickers) or in "Wallflower," with Joyce Reynolds, above. Upper right, ex-photog McGuire with still man Lloyd MacLean.

By Ralph Carson

Dangerous DON McGUIRE

Ex-photographer, ex-football player, ex-newspaper man, ex-Army sergeant—Don McGuire IS the type!

DON ROSE came out to Warner Brothers one day to see about a screen test for a girl friend. He thought he was doing a great selling job, but the casting director was sorry, "the girl just wasn't the type." As Rose was about to leave the office, however, the director said something like, "Why don't you speak for yourself, Don?"

And suddenly, ex-musician, ex-football player, ex-newspaperman, ex-Army sergeant, and ex-press agent Rose became screen actor Don McGuire!

It would be an unusual event if it happened to anybody else. But anything can happen to McGuire and everything has. There was the time, for instance, when (*Please turn to page 77*)

CATHERINE McLEOD, CO-STARRING WITH DON AMECHE IN "THAT'S MY MAN"

Amazin' Anna

Closeup of the cool British beauty named Neagle

By Hettie Grimstead

Scene at left is from "Piccadilly Incident," the new Herbert Wilcox production starring Anna Neagle with Michael Wilding.

Group above includes, from left to right, producer-director Wilcox, Michael Wilding, Anna Neagle, and British film magnate Sir Alfred Jarrett, on the set of "Curzon Street," production currently in work.

"STARS may come and stars may go but Anna Neagle goes on forever." That's what a London columnist remarked the other day when he heard that Anna had just started work on another new film. He was expressing the general affection and the equally general amazement that's felt for this blue-eyed blonde who keeps making new movie records and breaking all the accepted movie rules with the same characteristic serenity. It never even occurs to Anna that she's completely unique in the history of the screen.

Twenty years ago shy little Marjorie Robertson, the chorus-girl daughter of a Scottish sea captain, went to Elstree Studios near London to do a day's extra work. There she met a young Irish director, Herbert Wilcox, who gave her an intensive test, changed her name and set about making her into a star. They've been together ever since, incidentally getting married, and their partnership is still as vital and as completely successful as it was when they made their first film.

Herbert has produced and directed every one of the 29 films in which Anna Neagle has acted. He has never directed any other feminine star and she has never worked for any other director. They make their own pictures completely in their own way, sometimes in Hollywood, sometimes in Britain. Several times one of the big studio corporations has made an attractive separate offer to either Anna or Herb, but it has always been refused. Neither money nor anything else can part them, either in the studio or outside it. *(Please turn to page 78)*

Charles Chaplin's first film in seven years presents the legendary comedian in the rôle of a Bluebeard, "Monsieur Verdoux"

For his first motion picture since "The Great Dictator," Chaplin discards his famous character, the little man with the baggy pants, cane, and derby, and appears as a dapper Frenchman, a bank clerk who, when he loses his job, turns to murdering women for their money, to support his family to whom he is devoted. Will Chaplin find his old faithful audience receptive to this macabre theme? Martha Raye is shown above as one of his victims.

the Chaplin shocker!

More victims! Chaplin in his Bluebeard rôle works his wiles on the women he has chosen as victims, while at home with his wife, left, he is the devoted family man.

ON LOCATION WITH *Esther Williams* AND "THIS TIME FOR KEEPS" COMPANY

When a troupe of Hollywood actors took over Michigan's historic Mackinac Island for a Technicolor feature a good time was had by all. Exclusive!

By Bert Stoll

Carnival spirit prevailed on the Mackinac Island location trip when such stars as Esther Williams and Johnnie Johnston joined in the fun at the Marine Room, right. Co-stars enjoyed rides in pony cart characteristic of the Island. One scene called for Durante and Melchior to ride tandem bike—see 'em practicing. Other exclusive candids show the stars surrounded by local belles and boys of the Island.

NO Great Lakes steamers piled up on the rocks in the Straits of Mackinac due to their pilots training their field glasses on the graceful figure of Esther Williams, MGM swimming star, poised on the diving board at the Grand Hotel swimming pool on Michigan's historic Mackinac Island.

No racing craft in the annual Port Huron-Mackinac sailing classic on Lake Huron went aground, due to setting their courses by beauteous Esther's shocking pink shorts, as she sunned herself on the balcony of the Presidential suite overlooking the blue waters of the Straits.

And it's decidedly not true that Indians "scalped" Jimmy Durante, Lauritz Melchior, Johnnie Johnston, Dick Simmons, or little Sharon McManus—the other Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stars in the Technicolor feature, "This Time for Keeps," during their summer "location" on Mackinac Island. As wise-cracking Durante pointed out, marauding Indians wouldn't have much to scalp in his case!

Studio hairdresser touches up Esther Williams' coiffure while she checks with her lipstick between scenes of strenuous under-water number for MGM's "This Time for Keeps."

No, none of the above events actually occurred at Mackinac Island while the MGM stars were there, but plenty did happen to make Hollywood's visit to northern Michigan a most interesting one. For instance, when the stars, Director Richard Thorpe, Chief Cameraman Karl Freund, camera assistants, "grips," and other members of the unit arrived at the island, they were met by horses and carriages. No motor vehicles are permitted on the island under Mackinac Island State Park regulations and city ordinance. Of course, special dispensation was made to permit use of the MGM sound truck, generator truck, and one or two other motorized units to facilitate filming of the picture.

As Durante, Simmons and Johnston climbed into a carriage with a "fringe on top" to ride from the island dock up to the Grand Hotel, Jimmy exclaimed to the driver: "Take us every place. I've got to see this for myself!"

Joe Pasternak, producer of "This Time for Keeps," and Mrs. Pasternak were met at the dock by a pair of high-stepping hackneys with bright red cockades atop their bridles. Coachman and footman attired in scarlet coats and top hats added a gay touch of color to the equipage as the Pasternaks and the stars were welcomed to the island. Intrigued by their transition to a "horse and carriage" age, the visiting firemen spent their first afternoon on the island riding through the state park to visit Arch Rock, Old Fort Mackinac, Lover's Leap, British Landing, and other historic spots.

Little nine-year-o Sharon McMan and her stand- Marilyn Noe, pass up the carriage rid the first afternoon and gaily rode bicycles up and down the broad drive in front of the Grand Hotel, the world's largest summer hostelry.

Tourists, summer reporters and native islanders mingled with the movie stars and extras on the board walk along the blue waters of the Straits in front of "Grandma's house" as filming began. "Grandma's" house in the picture is the palatial summer home of W. Stewart Woodfill, owner of the Grand Hotel.

One of the first scenes shot was of Durante and large, affable Melchior, the Metropolitan Opera star, arriving at Grandma's house on a tandem bicycle. Property men aided Durante and Melchior in practice rides on the "bike built for two" and several spills were taken before they could operate the bike properly. Once Durante, riding on front of the tandem (*Please turn to page 91*)

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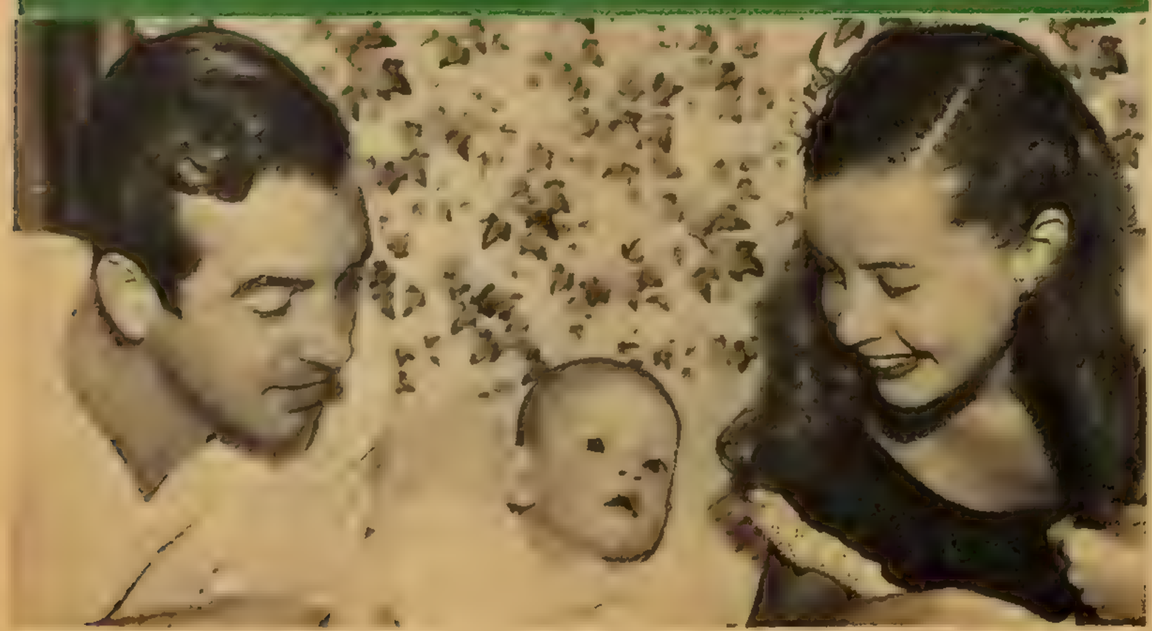

Gloria and John Payne with their pride and joy, Kathleen Hope Payne.

Just 21, Gloria De Haven is Hollywood's youngest and prettiest gla-mother

By Kate Holliday

By Kate Holliday

MISS KATHLEEN HOPE PAYNE turned one year old the other day. Her mother and father, whom you know as Gloria De Haven and John Payne, firmly believe that she is one of the most remarkable creatures ever to make an appearance on this earth—a creed which is shared by all of their friends who don't happen to have an infant of their own. These characters give Miss Payne, however, the Number Two spot, and thus everyone is blissful.

Miss Payne is, you must know, deserving of all such praise. In the dignity of her twelve months, she is a minute young lady with light brown hair which her fond mother believes will ultimately be almost black, slate-grey eyes which, as the weeks go by, get curiouser and curiouser, a fair complexion which could easily advertise any number of soaps, and a chin which is cleft like her father's. She looks like both of her progenitors, which could not be more tactful of her, and she further shows her diplomatic sense by holding them both in equally high esteem.

Since Miss Payne is not yet in the habit of holding press conferences, we repaired to her maternal parent for information about her. And the latter lady, we must inform you, looked less like a mother when we saw her than anyone we have ever gazed upon.

It had been raining for three days in California, publicity to the contrary. We ourselves had donned water-wings for our trip to the precincts of MGM, where the lady in question is under contract, had done a smart side-stroke up to the press department gates, and had then climbed dripping three flights of stairs to the office where we were to meet our informant. The date was set for one p.m. At five of one, the phone rang, and a small voice said apologetically that its owner was marooned in near-by Cheviot Hills, afraid to drive her light car through the flood. Thus, a taxi was dispatched and we sat back to wait.

When Gloria arrived, she was wearing a blue gabardine raincoat which was a joy to behold, a snood-ish thing set with sequins over her hair, and under these accoutrements a blue-grey suit with square shoulders and high-heeled blue kid pumps. Her mane was back to its natural chestnut shade, and there were raindrops on her face. She looked so Youth-Against-the-Elements that we half expected someone to yelp, "Action! Camera!"

She plumped herself down behind a desk in the office, grabbed the bowl of soup which had been cooling (*Please turn to page 90*)

Gloria, while working in "Summer Holiday" opposite Mickey Rooney, left, managed her household by remote control. Now that the MGM picture is completed, she spends all her time with baby Kathleen. "Summer Holiday" is the movie musical version of Eugene O'Neill's "Ah, Wilderness."

The Mac Murray Story

Toughest guy to interview, they call him. That depends! Nothing tough about Fred in this exclusive story

By Sydney Valentine

A STEADY drone of conversation, punctuated by laughs, had been audible through the thin walls of the set dressing room for quite a while. Time was out while lights were being re-arranged for the next scene. A couple of temporarily idle members of the crew lounging within earshot of the dressing room wore increasingly puzzled expressions. Finally one of of them hailed the publicity man, who also was hanging around outside.

"Say, isn't that Fred being interviewed?"

"Yes," replied the p.m., "and I don't understand it either. I went over to rescue him once, but he seemed to be enjoying himself."

"Hum!" The boys pulled a Benny in chorus. They had been conditioned to believe Fred MacMurray never enjoys himself while being interviewed. So, as a matter of fact, had the publicist. His ears still reddened a bit whenever he recalled hopefully introducing a certain important gentleman of the press to his star. The former announced, "I have the reputation of being the toughest interviewer in the business." "Well," replied Fred, "I have the reputation of being the toughest guy to interview." And then came a long, barren pause.

Of course you couldn't blame Fred that time. Maybe, on thinking it over, you couldn't blame Fred a lot of the times. What made the difference with the present prober? A little eavesdropping gave the clue. They talked about fishing. Pictures were touched upon lightly. So were radio and the state of the union. Then they branched off on the subject of farming and there they stayed. It was a give-and-take proposition. Fred didn't have to carry the ball every inch of the way. He was led to reveal himself without being asked personal questions. Therefore he suffered no pain.

Because talking about himself is undoubtedly the hardest thing MacMurray ever attempts. Mostly he *won't* attempt it. He is the most untypical of actors in that respect. The personal pronoun, beloved by his profession, embarrasses him. He says "I" as seldom as possible. All he can muster of exhibitionism is used up on the screen. He hasn't any left over for direct contacts.

Besides, he is shy— *(Please turn to page 79)*

Star of Paramount's "Suddenly It's Spring" and U-I's "The Egg and I" spends Sundays with his family: wife Lillian, 7-year-old Susan, 3-year-old Robert. At right, a fan finds MacMurray courteous and cooperative—once she catches up with him. Center above, Fred meets up with Henry Fonda on the set of "A Miracle Can Happen," in which both boys star, though in separate episodes.

Swim suits and playsuit a la mode
with slick chick Ella Raines
to model them for you

By Mary Ellen Martin

Under The Sun Fashions

Below, a multi-colored playsuit with halter top, designed by Louella Ballerino and worn by Ella Raines. Next pics, "The Dark Web" and "Brute Force," for Universal-International.

Right, to match the swim suit above it, is this Pancho beach coat in chartreuse and grey crinkle cloth, to do double duty as beach towel and beach coat. Left, another cotton swim suit, this time in green and white stripes with side-button trunks and a self-ruffle trim. The bra can be worn with or without straps. These, too, from Catalina.

Ella Raines cuts a pretty figure, right, in a dusty pink swim suit ensemble with its tricky banana leaf design on the suit and matching terry cloth coat. Below, cleverly cut for the trim torso, another Raines favorite in chartreuse and grey crinkle cotton. Wear it inside out, too, for it's lined in plain grey crinkle cotton. Both from Catalina.

Tyrone Power and Jean Peters dance the Zarabanda for "Captain from Castile." These shots were made on location in Morelia, Mexico

Once in a blue moon a movie comes along that gets itself talked about in a big way. "Gone with the Wind," "The Hucksters," "Duel in the Sun" are such pictures. Now comes 20th's "Captain from Castile," most colorful current production with a Mexican location to lend atmosphere and a behind-the-scenes excitement helped along when Lana Turner flew down to see Ty, and starlet Jean Peters was reported wearing millionaire Howard Hughes' ring. If "C. from C." lives up to its advance ballyhoo, it should make Mr. Darryl Zanuck happier than if he won a croquet game from Moss Hart.

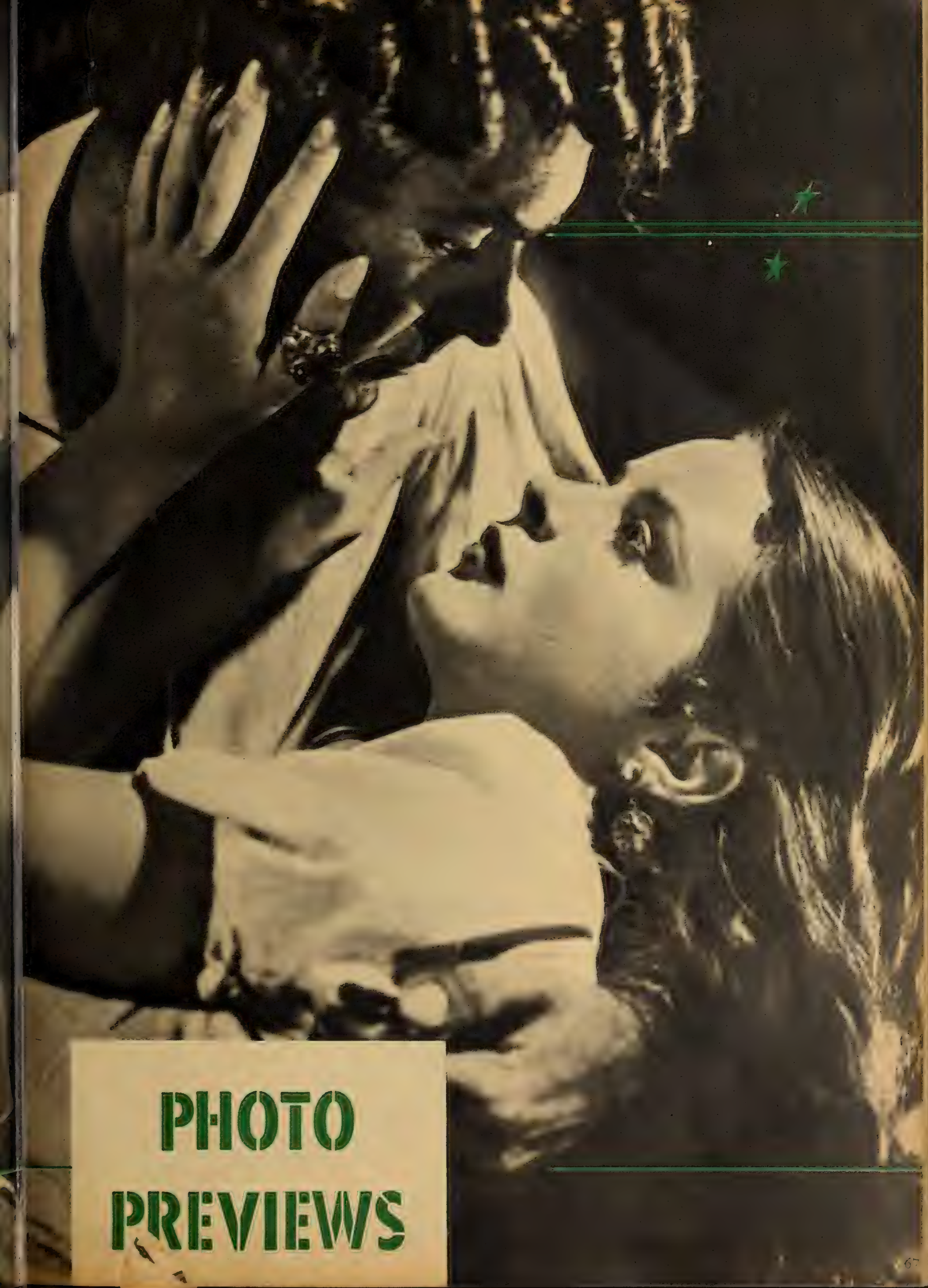

PHOTO PREVIEWS

O'Brien, who scored in "The Killers," his first film since Army service, lives in a hill-top house overlooking the Universal-International Studio and most of Hollywood. Between pictures he studies scripts for future rôles, plays his fine collection of records. Fred Robbins please note: Eddie collects classical and le jazz hot.

Another strong part for O'Brien: in "The Dark Web," in which he plays opposite sloe-eyed Ella Raines, below. Yes, this man with a plan is certainly busy carrying it out.

JUST about a year ago, Edmond O'Brien, fresh out of the service and eager to get on with his acting career, dropped into the office of Mark Hellinger, who was getting ready to produce "The Killers." Eddie had made up his mind to get into that picture if there was any way to do it, and he came straight to the point.

Hellinger claims he decided then and there that this quietly purposeful young fellow in the leather jacket, who sauntered into his office and parked his feet on his desk, must be a good actor because he didn't go around trying to look like one. He made a test of Eddie, and there were other interviews, but still the producer didn't say yes and he didn't say no. Finally he laid his cards on the table.

"I have no big star names in this picture," he explained to Eddie. "Burt Lancaster, who's from the theater, is unknown here. I'm not sure yet who will do the girl's part. Now my problem is—who's going to sell tickets? I need a name that can do that. I'd like to give you the part, but you've been away for three years and nobody remembers you. I could get Mr. So-and-So to play the insurance investigator—he's a big name. If you were in my spot, what would you do?"

Eddie sat there mentally chewing his fingernails. More than anything on earth he wanted that part. But being the honest person he is, he couldn't help seeing Hellinger's side.

"Well," he sighed, "if I were you, I'd get Mr. So-and-So."

"That's fine!" said *(Please turn to page 85)*

By

Gertrude Shanklin

Any young fellow could profit by Edmond O'Brien's practical policy. For Eddie knows just where he's going, and why. And he's getting there

Man With a Plan

Here's Hollywood

Gossip by Weston East

Hollywood foursome, Jack Benny, George Burns, Bob Hope and Van Johnson, give their version of the Strawhat Revue at benefit première, at left. Above, backstage with Sinatra and Van.

The boys, Van, Jack, Bob and George, get set for a fast routine on stage. Below, Jack confers with Cary Grant and Norman Siegel.

JUST a few weeks before he sailed for England to play opposite Ann Todd in "So Evil, My Love," Ray Milland found a new dream house. He made an offer, it was accepted, so he sold his old house. Then the owner of the new place changed his mind. Ray's wife couldn't sail with him. Instead, she had to wait until she put twelve rooms of furniture in storage. When they return they'll probably have to "camp out" until they find another place to their liking.

DOES publicity pay off in Hollywood? Nancy Guild, who met Charles Russell when a candid cameraman asked them to pose together, certainly thinks so. Both are under contract at 20th Century-Fox but had never met. They happened to be in the commissary but at different tables, when the cameraman asked them to get together for the picture. They've been getting together ever since and will marry as soon as Nancy finishes "Off To Buffalo."

THE Lunt and Fontanne Broadway hit, "The Pirate," is now being converted into a musical. And Gene Kelly, who knows how to mix business with pleasure, is creating the dance numbers. In one specialty, Gene has "worked it out" so that he kisses (individually, no less) twenty ballerinas. Nice work and Gene's got it.

WE LOVE Katie Hepburn's remark when friends, invited to tea, brought along their six-year-old daughter. After the child had consumed endless little cakes, the parents prepared to leave. "You're a little monster and you know it," mused Hepburn as she patted the child on the head. "And I simply adore you."

WE DIDN'T know Van Johnson was interested in astrology until we visited the set of "The Romance of Rosy Ridge." There we found him between scenes, deep in a book on the subject. "Discovered anything new about yourself?" we inquired politely. Van began to grin. "According to my astrological signs," he cracked, "it looks like I'm - - - bi-cuspid!"

Cary Grant wins applause of fellow entertainers Van Johnson, Frank Sinatra, George Montgomery and Dinah Shore listening to his act backstage.

Here's Hollywood

★ Continued ★

WE HATE to disillusion you but those 350 lb.-Marlin stories aren't true about Joan Fontaine. As a matter of record, when she and Bill Dozier sailed to the West Indies for that month's vacation, they didn't catch a sardine. And for a very good reason. They were so seasick the entire trip, they never even got below deck. Holding hands was out. Holding heads was in!

WHEN she made "Night Unto Night," her first American movie, Viveca Lindfors learned slang and American humor from Ronnie Reagan. Recently, after a trip to Sweden to see her husband and children, she walked on the set where Ronnie was about to make mad movie love to Eleanor Parker in "The Voice of the Turtle." Viveca walked right into the scene and presented Ronnie with a stuffed fish. The pupil outsmarting the teacher, no less.

A beard that IS a beard! Cesar Romero grew it for "Captain from Castile." The John Beals admire.

Dottie's hat is made of real orchids Walter Winchell sent her. With Bob at première.

Esther Williams and Ann Rutherford attend host Mr. John Gantner's fashion show of latest swim suits, at the Town House. Esther graces the billowy blue next in "Fiesta."

Peter Shaw, new MGM discovery who was Lana Turner's escort, dances with Pat Clark

SINCE his three years in service, John Beal has been in New York. Recently, he was signed by Columbia to play the starring rôle in "Destiny." John hadn't made a picture on that lot in nearly six years. When the gateman recognized him, John burst out laughing. "Don't let this get out," he kidded. "The publicity department wouldn't be able to use that story!"

PITY poor Jane Withers. For twenty-one years she's waited for her twenty-first birthday. (Natch!) Great plans were under way. Janie invited twenty-one special friends, ordered a birthday cake in the shape of the figures twenty-one. A few days before her natal day she picked up a "flu" germ. High temperature and dizziness resulted, so all birthday plans had to be cancelled. When she was no longer on "Danger Street," (plug) they celebrated.

REMBRANDT isn't whirling in his grave but the fact remains that Claudette Colbert is developing into a very good artist. Years ago she showed signs of talent. Then she became a movie star and was always busy acting. At Ann Sothern's house recently, Claudette met the celebrated Paul Clemens. She told him of her ambitions, and the following day they went shopping for equipment. Under Paul's expert instruction, Claudette is turning out junior masterpieces.

OF course, Eleanor Parker happens to be in love with hubby Bert Friedlob, too, all of which makes his latest gift that much more appreciated. It's a wide gold bracelet, studded with flat gold stars that have a jewel set at each point. When she completes a picture, Bert takes the bracelet and has the title engraved in the center of the star. It's mighty pretty on the arm of that mighty pretty girl.

HO-HUM department: According to her personal press agent, "Maria Montez likes the black wig which she wears in 'Atlantis' so much she wants to dye her hair the same color." (Okay, bud, we printed it!)

Ann Sheridan animates for camera, while her escort to première steps out of range.

Yvonne De Carlo and Howard Duff, radio and screen actor, announce plans to wed

Robert S. Taplinger and Ida Lupino attend the Damon Runyon Benefit for charity's sake.

Ava Gardner is going places—with Gable in "The Hucksters," and here, with Turhan Bey.

Ginger and husb-nd, Jack Briggs, with romance still in / ·es, dance at Ciro's.

Bill Lundigan and his wife at cocktail party. You'll see Bill in "Dishonored Lady."

Sue and Alan Ladd join the throng of celebs attending the Damon Runyon benefit première.

In David O. Selznick's spectacular drama of the West, Gregory Peck and Joseph Cotten enact the battle of the brothers, rivals for Pearl's love.

The primitive, untamed Pearl is befriended by the gentle Mrs. McCanles (Lillian Gish), mother of the brothers played by Peck and Cotten.

Lionel Barrymore as Senator McCanles, owner of a Texas cattle empire, finally admits his affection to his dying wife, beautifully played by Miss Gish.

SCREENLAND *salutes* DUEL IN THE SUN

Jennifer Jones as the fiery *Pearl Chavez*, Gregory Peck as the bold, bad man she can't resist may shock admirers with uncompromising performances

Yes! It's what you've heard: a dynamic, daring drama of lawless love and unleashed passion—in other words, a super-Western crammed with clichés, definitely for adults only, and, we admit it, not to be missed

The Double Life of Vanessa Brown

Continued from page 37

her closest friends, mostly on the *Bruin* staff, knew that the wholesome and lovely Miss Brind shuttled between campus and studios in a simultaneous quest for education and movie success. An unusually intelligent girl, Smylla tries to keep Vanessa in the background when she's on the campus, but lately—"Haven't I seen you in pictures?" More and more campus acquaintances are asking it, and Vanessa's murmured evasions no longer work so well.

"I heard your voice in a class of mine, and I never forget a voice. You're Vanessa Brown!" a classmate announced triumphantly.

One recent Sunday a large portrait of Vanessa Brown appeared in the Los Angeles *Times*, and the secret was really out. Even a professor or two commented on her "discovery." Vanessa, who dislikes being conspicuous, was concerned at first.

"But if you can show that, in spite of trying to be an actress, you're a good student, you don't have any trouble," she decided sensibly. "Certainly you don't expect indulgence or favors, and you must work extra hard to make up lost time when pictures keep you from classes. And to my real friends on the campus—on the *Bruin*—my Hollywood work doesn't make any difference. They don't even kid me about my 'art' any more."

This pretty Viennese girl, who resembles Ingrid Bergman and has much the same wholesome, windblown look, attends school three mornings a week and has a B average in her three courses in English literature, one psychology, and one economics course, the latter taken by mail.

Every day, even when she is not working on a picture, she reports at the studio for several hours of dancing instruction—in ballet, tap, and ballroom styles. Probably because of her Viennese origin, although she is now an American citizen, her taste in music and dancing runs to the sedate and classical. But she dotes on the rumba, conga and samba rhythms. Driving to school or studio, she keeps the radio in her car tuned in to symphony or to Viennese waltzes when she can dial them.

She studies singing, too, reads voraciously, and writes copious notes against the literary career she hopes to achieve in time. Throw in an occasional radio appearance, a fondness for sports and music and mechanical gadgets and tinkering, and you get an idea of the richly crowded life of Vanessa Brown.

This life began in Vienna on March 24, 1928, and almost immediately it was marked by excitement and color. Vanessa's earliest memories center on riding to kindergarten, through snow, in a sled drawn by her father. She remembers, too, that one day she was kept from school, and there was an air of tenseness and foreboding in her neighborhood. "When I returned to kindergarten next day," she recalls, "I knew why. There were bullet holes in all the walls. Our school had been a battleground in a workers' upheaval."

Vanessa's Russian-born father, Nah Brind, was an established teacher of languages in Vienna, and her Austrian mother, Dr. Anna Brind, was a well-known psychologist. But in the storm then brewing over Europe the little family hauled up stakes and set out for America.

In 1938 the familiy saw the wonders of New York. Vanessa, already gifted beyond her years, began writing, directing and acting in school playlets. Soon she won her first job as a movie critic, on the Junior Board of Review for Motion Pictures. The "board" went on the air for a discussion broadcast and Vanessa's voice, musical and intriguingly accented, marked her for fame. A theatrical agent heard her, took her to Producer Herman Shumlin, and soon Vanessa was touring, for two and one-half years, in "Watch on the Rhine." It was David O. Selznick who brought her to Hollywood, rechristening her Tessa Brind.

She was fifteen when she made her first picture, on loan to RKO. It was "Youth Runs Wild," and it taught Vanessa a lesson she still holds close. The film had good reviews, and she considered it a phenomenally lucky beginning. But for months nothing further happened. She was busy in high school, and didn't mope about the seeming decline of her career, but she recalls those months as a very sad period in her life. Of course her father was away now, serving in army intelligence, and she was sad about that, too. "But it taught me that real success takes years," she says, looking backward on her little-girl hopes. "No matter how quick the beginning, I know there must be years of work."

Mervyn LeRoy picked the name "Vanessa Brown" for her, borrowing it from a Garbo screen character. As Vanessa she appeared in "Girl of the Limberlost," then in "I've Always Loved You." Despite the unflattering review she wrote on her work for the *Bruin*, her performance in the latter film brought her a 20th contract.

It is typical of Vanessa's eager ambition and endless curiosity that she has never allowed acting to interfere with her education. On the road with "Watch on the Rhine" she kept up her studies by correspondence. Frequently she guest-starred on the Quiz Kids air show, her specialties being literature and languages. By going to summer school and taking further correspondence courses she was able to enter college ahead of her age group.

As a co-ed actress, Vanessa hasn't had time to be too collegiate. She does her football cheering beside her radio, where she understands the game better, but when U.C.L.A. had night games she was generally in the student cheering section. When she plays tennis, swims, or goes horseback-riding, it's usually with the *Daily Bruin* crowd. Through tennis she met one of her best friends in pictures, the screen writer Agnes Christine Johnston. Another good friend is Joan Lorring, who like Vanessa is a rising star.

Vanessa has the traditional co-ed fondness for sodas and sweets, but eats quantities of fruit instead in order to keep her figure at its pleasing 118 pounds, neatly distributed over five feet, five inches of height.

Vanessa's favorite handbag, a capacious over-the-shoulder model of red felt, symbolizes her crowded days. "It's ready for all emergencies," as she explains laughingly.

Besides all the feminine paraphernalia like lipstick and powder, loose change, keys, old letters and such, Vanessa's bag generally contains her knitting (she does a neat Argyle sock), three or four books, several notebooks, ballet slippers, maybe a script, or the latest pages of her growing "loose-leaf diary."

"Just notes on my daily life and thoughts," she says. "I'm always interviewing people, dragging out their life stories and struggles. On the 'Apley' set I 'interviewed' Ronald Coleman, and he has a *fascinating* story—but of course that doesn't go into my diary. I spent a lot of time on the sets, just making notes. Oh, they're all secret—even from Mother and Dad! But I don't keep them locked away. In our home, so crowded and cluttered with papers of all kinds, none of us needs to hide anything. The problem is to *find* anything!"

Vanessa lives in the same small hotel apartment in Hollywood she and her mother shared while her father was at war. Now that he has returned, the living-space problem has become acute.

"We all have so many papers," she explains. "I collect newspaper headlines, for a history scrapbook, and there are stacks of old movie stills, and my stamp collection, and my foreign coin collection, and with father teaching again and with mother's work in psychology we are being crowded out by our possessions!"

Vanessa's reviewing assignments on *The Daily Bruin*, she admits, are beginning to bother her.

"I like motion pictures, but I'm rather scathingly critical, and now I'm making more and more friends in pictures and it's hard to be objective. Maybe I'd better stick to book-reviewing. I love the paper, and my friends on it, and I *do* love to flash my press card!"

Her review on her own work in "I've Always Loved You"—the review the *Bruin* didn't print—was quite sincere.

"When I see my own performances," she explains, "I generally don't know what to think of them, unless I'm sure they'll be bad. But I saw 'I've Always Loved You' a year after I worked in it—and I could find so much that was wrong with me."

The acting rule she follows is to "trust implicitly in good direction." "And I've been fortunate," she says, "in having exceptional directors like Henry King and Joseph Mankiewicz."

It must be a good rule. For few critics, aside from Smylla Brind, are finding fault with Miss Vanessa Brown.

Happy Cummins Events!

Continued from page 39

and—believe it or not—as Alice in Wonderland! Before that she'd been—superb training—the baby darling of Dublin's two world-famous theaters, The Abbey and The Gate. Peggy had had time for only one beau in her life—an American photographic war correspondent who is now a prized staff picture-taker for a national weekly. And this infant marvel was booked to play amorous *Amber!*

You think that casting was a poor gamble? Count your correspondent in! Here's what I wrote after seeing Peggy accept the kisses of the gallants in the inn where *Amber* was barmaid, and seeing her also play an intense love scene with Cornel Wilde: "Your reporter would say she's destined to become the most sensational actress-importation since Vivien Leigh—he'd say it except for one veto-ing fact: You can't compare the vivid, unique Peggy Cummins (she has quietude in repose, flame in explosive moments) to any other actress, to say any other person. Not even to the deeply lovely, brilliantly emotional 'Scarlett' Leigh."

This writer stands by those words, all of them. Before they could reach print, however, "Forever Amber," after seven weeks on the set and hundreds of thousands of dollars of expense, suspended shooting. When "Amber" resumed, as you know, there was a new director, and a "new" star—right out of the home patch—in the title rôle—sultrily beautiful and talented Linda Darnell. As we go to press we hear excellent reports of Linda's performance—though the exacting rôle very nearly put her in the hospital once or twice.

As for Peggy—how would you like for that swift pairing of the build-up and the boot to hit you at twenty—or at any other age? The spunky little import's behavior has already become tradition—real trouper stuff. Her most intimate friends, people like Celeste Holm and Mrs. Zachary Scott, say, "She admitted to us that she cried in the privacy of her bedroom—what girl wouldn't? But she never whined once, and her chin was up to the point where we knew we would strain friendship if we offered comfort."

Well, the *Amber* switch is history. Let's get down to *news*. We'll postpone some intriguing topics: the reason Peggy herself, after all these months, thinks may have been why she was bounced from "A"; next, the gentlemen she's dating or who stand in line; then, the odd reason why she goes often with friends from England or with Americans older than herself, instead of with many American boys her own age. Plus why, though all the papers said she had one, she *hasn't* got a house. *And* how one fur coat grew into three. *And*—

But, the news first. It's very big for our Alice-in-Hollywood! Whatever the reason that *Amber* became ember for Peggy, Darryl Zanuck had no more idea of changing his opinion about the young lady than did, or does, your correspondent. He handed her a sparkling, engaging rôle in "The Late George Apley."

Victor Mature, back from the wars, had just walked away with a picture called "My Darling Clementine." Zanuck, after he had seen a few rushes of Peggy in "The Late George Apley," put top script writers to work on a $200,000 story property, "Moss Rose," to co-star Vic Mature and Peggy Cummins.

Director Gregory Ratoff and Vic, during the shooting of "Moss Rose," took time off from admiring each other to go slightly mad about Peggy, both as a person and as an actress. "People," said Vic, "only think they met Actress Cummins in 'George Apley.' Wait till they see her in this. In 'Moss Rose' she runs the gamut."

Zanuck, who has the duty of putting the chips down for his stockholders, looked at the "Moss Rose" rushes, too, naturally, and reached for more top script writers and another $200,000 story property. This time his plan was so super-gigantic that months would be required for preparation. And what's the super-gigantic? It's that terrific best-seller by Thomas B. Costain, "The Black Rose." And who will co-star with our little girl who wept in privacy and kept her chin up in public? The same top romantic male star whose kisses to her curled on the cutting-room floor when *Amber* embered—Cornel Wilde! That's Peggy's zoom-back.

Let's take a look at the brief but vivid history of the girl who's caused more stir in Hollywood than Summer did in Poet Edmund Spenser's heart—the girl to whom so many exciting things have happened and are happening. Peggy's story—past and day to day—will always worry the press agents—it's too good. For instance, one of her ancestors reached Ireland with head-lopping Oliver Cromwell. This ancestor favored the countryside, and settled *in a town named Hollywood.* As was the case in many English or Irish families the place name became in time a family name. When a 20th Century-Fox publicist heard this, he threw up his hands and cried, "Corny, too corny to print!" Nevertheless, Peggy's real name is Margaret *Hollywood* Cummins.

Nothing coincidental or corny-sounding, however, entered into the preparation that has equipped Peggy to meet her opportunities and zoom out of her career chasms. Dance and grace seemed to have been born in the child's tiny body, and at seven she began lessons at the Abbey School of Ballet, adjunct of that famous Abbey theater that gave movie-goers another Hollywood charmer, Barry Fitzgerald. Life began at seven, that same year, when an equally famous Dublin theater, The Gate (which graduated Orson Welles), needed a child for a silhouette scene in "Duchess of Malfie."

By the time she was twelve, Peggy had played three rôles at the Abbey, sixteen at the Gate—most of them boy rôles. It seems that Shakespeare, Chekov, Shaw and other play-pundits must have deemed boy characters interesting, but held little girls to be uninspiring punks. So Peggy played *MacDuff's* son in "Macbeth," assorted Russian male sprouts, the young Prince Albert in "Victoria Regina" and page boys by the bookful.

Peggy always "operated" from, and had close by, a warm and true home. That home, in lovely Killimey, ten miles from Dublin, nestled in a garden, among trees you could fall out of with scarcely any effort. There gleamed a strip of beach, and the blue sea—or sometimes whitefoamed gray—unrolled to the horizon. It's no wonder that Peggy took to her boy stage rôles with naturalness. Traipsing after two older brothers, the future Belle of Hollwood fell out of all the available trees. Yet she broke no bones. In the accident she remembers best, she merely took all the skin off her knees, most of the skin off her arms—and ruined a brand new pair of pants. "That's why I remember it," she said, at lunch between two turmoil-ish halves of a day on the "Moss Rose" set. "Knowing how Mother would feel about those pants, I told her, when I got home, that I had slipped, walking, because of rubber-soled shoes. I didn't mind the lie much when I told it, but she *believed* it—and I cried in bed a good part of the night."

Peggy, the day of that accident, was going to Dublin by bus. (Mrs. Cummins hated the youngster's bicycle from past experience). So, standing up, with the Cummins maid seated behind her on the saddle (the maid would take the bicycle back home) Peggy set out, pumping her then skinny legs, for the bus stop. Down a hill to a cross-road. A lorry—truck to us—approached from the left. Right-hand turn too abrupt; with down-hill stretch. Straight ahead another steep decline, with two cars coming up. Brakes failed completely. Peggy, with a split second for decision, chose to crash the right-hand far corner wall. The bicycle's front wheel (maid in the back, unhurt) was demolished. Peggy, shooting forward as if from a catapult, scraped across the rough stone wall to land on the other side. She got up, went on to Dublin, and played a matinée and evening performance at The Gate.

The quality of decision that elected that fieldstone wall shows in Peggy's blue eyes, that can look coolly competent or blaze. It led her, at twelve, to persuade her mother to accompany her for an assault on London (playing a 16-year-old girl, standing on a concealed box in a court-room scene, at 11, had bred a passion for "older" rôles). Almost immediately a famous play-producer cast her in a musical. The musical, opening on Peggy's thirteenth birthday, flopped, but critics did nip-ups, in print, about the Irish "find." Another famous producer listened politely while Peggy pleaded to portray a grown-up. Then he said: "I've been delaying a production for months because I couldn't find the right girl. Grown-up, nonsense! You're *Fuffy* in 'Junior Miss.'" After more critical raves came 1,000 performances—Peggy never missing one. Then came "Alice in Wonderland." That knocked the critics for huzzahs and

20th Century-Fox for a gilt-edged contract.

Nudging a grand sense of humor—she's full of zest and fun—Peggy's principal characteristic is innate honesty. When she was telling about her fall from the bicycle the picture of herself in those torn pants quite evidently flashed back; her eyes sparkled over what a mess she was after she massaged that fieldstone wall. Then, suddenly, she thought of the lie she told her mother; her face clouded, her expression was genuinely grave while she told about that. Again, an interviewer asked her: "What's this I hear about you trying to convince photographers"—this was last year—"that you were twenty-two?" The blue eyes turned almost grey with earnestness. "Oh, no. I try never to lie to anyone, especially to the press. I was twenty this past December 18th."

You've heard very little—authentic, that is—about this appealing girl's date life, because for many, many months after arriving in Hollywood, she virtually had none. In addition to countless make-up and wardrobe tests for "Amber," she was actually rehearsed (to get her accustomed to American ways) in every scene of that picture before it started shooting. Then, when she came out of hiding, so to speak, in "The Late George Apley," a national magazine whisked her away to New Mexico, so that a famous artist, Henrietta Hurd, might do her portrait there.

There's another reason why Peggy's date life, that you read about, is mostly fictitious. She wouldn't admit it, but she was self-conscious about not being up on her American hep talk. You can imagine that making a picture with Vic Mature helped her whoppingly in that department.

Peggy taught El Maturo some new language, too. The "gamut" which Vic so originally said she runs in "Moss Rose" began with her as a Cockney type of chorus girl in an old-style London variety show. (She's quite a bit shady, that character, skirting very close to blackmail; but she wants to become a lady and eventually does—that last part's the easiest for Peg.) One Cockney pronunciation that fascinated Vic was the London slum way of saying Saturday, half way between Satehday and Sat'dy. A lot of nonsense lit the between-takes time on "Moss Rose," and one day Vic cut out a photograph—a nudey of a young lady aged seven or so, whose hair, photographing that same brilliant blonde that Peggy's does, fell down from her forehead to keep her wholly modest, as she sat by a brook. Vic the Irrepressible handed it to Peggy, after having written on it: "How's for Satehday night?" Peggy laughed and stuck it up on her dressing-room mirror. She laughed so much Vic was puzzled. Here's the joke, Vic: By one of life's coincidences, that picture was photographed—and Peggy knew it—by that ace photographer!

Did Mr. Mature rush Miss Cummins? You know Vic! Peggy simply won't discuss what El Maturo talked about, and the same goes for her other dates. She was reared in the old fashioned belief that when a man asks you to go out with him it's a compliment, an honor, and that you don't retail his conversation and behavior for publicity purposes.

One day toward the close of "Moss Rose," I saw Peggy walking along the studio street alone, she having escaped, so to speak, from her admirers a moment (and here comes me), and I asked: "After all these months, with the sting all gone, what do you think was the real reason your *Amber* embered?" Peggy had evidently given it some thought (who wouldn't have?) and she answered: "Well, in the first script *Amber* started as a very young girl, and I think I looked the part, and probably got by. But later on she became a mother and still carried on, in what you might call a *mature* way. I guess—I hope—they just decided I didn't look mature enough." Mebbe so. But one thing you can be sure of. Peggy didn't lose the rôle for lack of fire.

In her personal life, Peggy has taken her new zooming period with the same commonsense that she took extinction of herself as *Amber*. She's grateful to be in this country—she suffered from tummy-trouble when she first arrived; she hadn't had square meals in so long—and she's appreciative of the opportunities her studio has given her to work—and learn. Thrifty, too. Maybe there's a drop of Scotch in her (no pun intended) as well as Irish.

A good trader, too, Miss Blue-eyes. Peggy realizes that part of her job, part of her obligation to her studio, is to look, at least *sometimes*, like a movie star. One day she showed a friend a gorgeous—no other word will do—mink coat. "Wonderful!" said the friend. "But—er, Peggy, what did it cost?" Peggy said, "I got it at a bargain"—and you watch what happens. Peggy traded the super coat for three: a less resplendent mink—"Mink is mink," she said—a nice-looking fur coat for her mother and a short fur coat for her own casual wear.

Peggy's smallness makes it easy for her to dress. Mrs. Cummins spends a good deal of time searching the ready-made shops. She knows what her daughter likes—skirts that flare, square necks and in general anything that's feminine. Peggy's everyday wardrobe—plenty nice enough to be seen in anywhere—ranges from $21 to $48 per outfit.

That same small size of Peggy's enables her to disguise herself more easily than many actresses. Ask one of her escorts we'll call Jack! To go with Jack to a Santa Monica amusement park this summer, Peggy skinned her hair back a trifle and donned a pair of blue jeans and a tucked-in shirt. She looked about eleven. Fine enough. But, feeling free, and being out on the end of the pier, in glorious sunshine, she suddenly said to Jack: "You know, you ought to take dancing lessons, all the time. And practice. Dancing makes balancing the easiest thing in the world. Look!" She leapt lightly to a rail that had been put up long before the war and that wavered under even her light weight—and ran all the way around the pier end! Jack had no fear of an accident—Peggy could swim to Catalina if need be. But he *did* think to himself: "If I'm an accomplice in so much as dunking this million-dollar property, will I still be an actor in Hollywood?" He grins about it and says, "Peggy's so young in spirit she ages me." But he likes it. All the boys do.

I've a hunch that by the time this article gets to press the younger American set will just about have moved in on your and my Peggy. Coach Mature confides in me that she gets hep very fast, and is mastering and beginning to enjoy speaking Americanese.

Hold it a minute. Stop the press. A telephone call has come in from 20th Century-Fox. Headman Zanuck has just confided to the public that when Peggy finishes "The Black Rose" she'll star in the title rôle of "Lydia Bailey." That happens to be, today, the best-selling of all American novels.

You try to keep up with Peggy awhile—and you'll see what I mean. She ages me, too, Jack. But I like it. We all do.

Dangerous Don McGuire

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he was playing football in a Chicago high school. There must have been a hundred thousand young fellows out playing football every Saturday during that season for their Alma Maters. But Don Rose was asked to write a guest sports column by a newspaper writer named Eddy McGuire. ("Is that how he got the name of McGuire?" No! The studio chose it because he looks like a McGuire.)

So young Don wrote the column, and wrote it so well, he practically wrote all the stuff about high school football after that. And because he got to know the newspaper people through that column, he got a job running copy at the Chicago Herald-Examiner during summer vacations. That's when he got printer's ink in his blood.

When Don finished high school, the University of Iowa offered him an athletic scholarship. He could pitch and play outfield for the baseball team. He was a whiz at basketball, and he had made the all-state high school football team. But McGuire didn't take too well to the rigors of daily practice and the steady grind of studies. One morning when his hopped-up automobile was found resting on top of a local drug store cosmetic counter, Don knew that his formal school days were over.

He wanted to be a newspaper man anyway. Well, maybe he'd take a crack at being a baseball player first. So he went to a team in Evansville, Indiana, and then to Boston for a tryout with the Boston Bees. A pitched ball which headed straight for his head and which he didn't duck in time convinced him that the newspaper business was better—and safer.

He started out on the copy desk, but

that wasn't exciting enough or fast enough. From old timers he learned the best way to learn to be a newspaperman was to follow the photographers around. Don went into the managing editor's office the next morning and announced that he was ready to step into the photography department. "He knew all about it." The managing editor congratulated him for "learning on the job" and assigned him as assistant to the news photographer. McGuire rushed out of the office and right into the photo lab where he talked the boys into teaching him how to hold a camera and clock the shutter.

His first assignment was to cover the Mayor laying the corner stone on a new city building. McGuire rushed over to the approximate neighborhood of the assignment, saw a few people standing around watching a well-dressed man dig a shovel into the earth. Don snapped the picture, shouted, "Thank you, Mr. Mayor," and hurried back to the paper. He was sure this was a scoop. Not another photographer was around.

Of course not. The rest of them had gone to the *real* ceremony. And McGuire's picture turned out to be that of a well-heeled contractor showing off to his friends. The editor of the Chicago Herald-Examiner threw that one away.

That mistake almost cost McGuire his job. But on second thought that was too mild a punishment. Instead, he was assigned to the night laboratory shift in the photography department. The very next night everybody at the paper decided it was a very fortunate mistake.

A politician had been "taken for a ride," roughed up a good deal, and then deposited back at his home. Through a very convenient leak, the only paper in town having any inkling of the story was the Herald-Examiner. Of course, for some reason, the politician didn't want *any* paper to know.

The phone in the photo lab jingled: "McGuire speaking," answered Don. And the editor just gasped: "Oh, *you!* Well, get around here anyway, I've got an assignment for a photographer, and right now that means you." The idea was to get into that house, get the picture, and get back with it before anybody stopped him, and before the other newspapers got wind of it.

There's an old story in newspaperdom that Don remembered. A city editor once needed a picture very badly. One of his crack men tried to get it by climbing through a second story window. He failed. Another tried bribing the maid. He didn't get it. A third reporter—the newest one on the paper—just rang the bell of the home and asked the man who answered the bell for the picture. He got it. Don packed his Graflex and went straight for the politician's home.

There he rang the bell and when a tough-looking character peered through the door-peek, Don, in true newspaper style, said, "I'm the Examiner"—that was short for "I'm McGuire, the reporter from the Herald-Examiner." In his hand Dan was carrying his black camera which looked if anything like a doctor's bag.

But the tough-looking guy didn't ask any questions. He opened the door in a hurry and helpfully showed him the way to the stairs.

McGuire took those stairs in three tremendous leaps, dashed into the room, "shot" his camera at the bed, and practically fell down the stairs, helped by a tremendous boot. The camera was smashed—so was Don. But the picture was a scoop!

A short time later, McGuire was "man of the day" when Uncle Sam called him off to the Army. He was offered a berth in public relations on the strength of his newspaper background. But in typical Army fashion he wound up as an M.P.

For the next three years Don handed out punishment as an M.P. from Atlanta, Georgia, to the Aleutian Islands and back to Missouri. There, a jeep accident messed up the McGuire frame to the tune of six and a half months in a hospital. When the docs were through with him, so was the Army. With a discharge and eight dollars, McGuire hit Hollywood. He could have gone right to work on a Los Angeles newspaper, but Don wanted to look around first.

One old friend referred him to another until McGuire wound up as a press agent on a personal appearance tour with Smiley Burnette. Smiley made the personal appearances and Don met the press, made hotel reservations, and watched Burnette from the wings. Without being coaxed, McGuire will sing "You Are My Sunshine," today, so even Smiley coudn't tell the difference.

When Don got back from that trip he had enough money to sit back and write —seriously. He wrote a couple of screen stories for Monogram and Republic. He wrote some radio scripts. Then he met a girl who he was sure belonged on the screen. He took her to Warners and—McGuire wound up with a contract as and actor-writer.

In his first picture, "Pillow to Post," Don had a small part. He calls it a "slip —the pillow slip." His mother sat through the movie twice, then wired her son: "Where were you, under the bed?"

The picture played in a Philippine Army Camp before McGuire's old outfit and they heralded the picture this way: Sgt. Don McGuire (in big letters) in "Pillow to Post," with Ida Lupino (practically illegible).

In between small screen rôles Don sold Warner Brothers on the idea of producing an hour-long radio show for G.I. Hospitals. McGuire wrote, produced, and m.c.'d the shows.

But Don wasn't satisfied with radio shows. He organized personal appearances and with Robert Alda and Janis Paige he played 157 shows in a single year at nearby Navy, Marine and Army hospitals. In those acts McGuire played the piano or any one of eleven other instruments that were handy in the hospital. The guy is versatile.

On the screen Don played a newspaper photographer in "Shadow of a Woman." "That's what I call casting to type," he says. Then he was assigned the part of a bartender in "Humoresque." The director took advantage of Don's "writer-actor" contract. There were no lines to his part. "Just ad-lib," he was told. Don made those lines so good that Miss Crawford's stay at the bar was lengthened.

Don is one boy on the lot who will rarely if ever need a double. In a brawl it will be his own six-foot frame thrashing around; at a piano his fingers will be running over the keys; and if he is making love to some pretty heroine—well, he's had experience.

Amazin' Anna

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For years past the wiseheads have been steadily prophesying disaster for the pair. The Wilcox picture would undoubtedly prove a flop *this* time—they must be tired and stale after being together so long. But every time the film has proved successful, both with the critics and at the box-office. Not a world-shaking sensation, but a pleasant well-acted and technically good production everybody liked both in America and Britain. Anna has received her roses and her fan-mail, and Herb acquired a useful block of dollars and pounds. Then they've gone off for a brief vacation together and come back to do it all over again.

No other movie couple have ever made such a long-term record as this. Ask Anna how come and she says without affectation: "We take our work very seriously." She means that, as with most other success stories, it's a good deal more than a matter of luck. The Wilcox recipe for movie-making is to take tremendous thought and care beforehand and to mix the ingredients in the way that is universally understood and enjoyed. They don't claim to produce intellectual thought-provoking epics. They just make entertainment for the people. Their little unit is like a happy family, thoroughly adjusted to each other from long familiarity. There is one American cameraman and one English. The electrician was born in Ireland and the property-man has worked in Paris and Hollywood. Every member was first carefully hand-picked by Herb, and then approved by Anna, and finally tried-out with the other members of the team. If the newcomer fitted in, then he or she was provided with a steady job from that day forward.

Herb is a great believer in team-work. He always makes it a rule to contrast Anna's cool essentially British personality with a vigorous mobile-faced actor. Look what a grand couple she and Dean Jagger made in "Grosvenor Square" and how well she pairs with handsome young Michael Wilding in "Piccadilly Incident." Mike is also playing opposite her in her latest film "Curzon Street."

Though they look upon England as their homeland, Anna and Herb make a special point of returning regularly to Hollywood to keep up with all the latest ideas and developments. Before the war they commuted across the Atlantic twice

each year and now that international conditions are relaxing, they plan to do this again. When they visit America shortly, they will bring their new picture with them and Anna will make some personal appearances.

Anna firmly believes that a dull underted mind must inevitably reflect itself in an expressionless and so uninteresting face. So to keep mentally alert, she reads at least three serious books each month, on politics, sciences, economics and the like. She listens regularly to the radio talks and to classical music just as faithfully as she takes her beauty baths and studies her diet. Though she'll soon be forty now, Anna looks just around twenty years at most. That's not polite writing. It's the literal hard truth. Scrutinize Anna's oval face as closely and thoroughly as I've often done and you cannot detect the tiniest flaw in her cream satin skin or a single line under her smiling eyes. Her golden naturally-curling hair never even begins to look dull and she keeps her body exquisitely slender by swimming and Swedish exercises just as she has done for twenty years past.

Between her pictures, Anna always relaxes at home. She continues to live in the rambling red-brick house in the country near Elstree that she bought herself when she had made her second film. When she married she still wouldn't leave it, so Herb just moved his bags in. Here they will both potter around the garden and feed the chickens and take out the dogs to chase the coneys in the woods. Sometimes Anna pops on an apron and cooks dinner, assisted by her mother who calls in from her own cottage across the lane.

Anna is infinitely more than just the star of Herbert Wilcox films. They discuss each new project together right from the first germ of an idea. As Anna possesses considerable literary ability, she usually helps write the script herself while Herb works out the technical details. Then Anna chooses the set designs, clothes and makeup, always asking her husband's approval before she definitely orders them. They decide together about all the other players, consulting every member of the unit also because they like everybody who works with them to feel the new production is their personal concern too. Anna generally gathers everybody in her drawing-room one Sunday, among the mahogany and the chintzes and the silver-framed family photographs. By the time the conference ends and she starts to pour tea the new film is actually in being and ready to go straight on to the studio floor.

Every night at the studio, she goes with Herb to see the day's rushes, making her comments and offering suggestions. But it is always Herb who has the ultimate decision and the final word. Anna never attempts to question or argue for she admires and respects this beloved husband of hers tremendously. Where their marriage is concerned, Anna has the completely British attitude. It's the man who is the head of the household, the leading figure, and the woman who is cheerfully content to follow as his helpmeet and his complementary companion.

The MacMurray Story

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basically and incurably. It isn't the bashful-boy-scraping-his-toe-kind of shyness. He has too much natural dignity, has acquired too much poise for that. He's come a long way since the first time he stood up to sing a solo with a band and had to stay behind a music rack that would partially mask his trembling knees from the audience. His recently completed sixth picture with Claudette Colbert had no filming episodes comparable to the first when he shook so during a long walking shot she thought he'd never make it to the "Cut!"

Fred's is a self-effacing, self-deprecating brand of shyness. An amazing quality in an actor. However, there's room for doubt that nature ever intended him to mugg before a camera. His guess is that he got sidetracked from farming. And he's going back to the main line. More about that later. The fact that he has become a very good performer—much better than is generally appreciated—can be explained this way: he would excel at any job he set out to do, or that was thrust upon him. He learns thoroughly and he works hard. He has made as many as six films in a single year, but now confines himself to two a year.

But he honestly doesn't believe he has anything interesting to say for quotation. "Why should my opinions be important just because my face is familiar to people?" is his way of challenging the proposition. "So I was lucky. I got into the movies and managed to stick. Apparently enough of the paying public approves of the guy up there on the screen to continue to go to see him. I'm grateful. I'm not convinced, though, that approval of the actor means they're dying to hear him sound off as a private citizen. It seems to me the less heard from him out of character the better."

Which is sort of refreshing. There *is* a modest man in Hollywood. Once when somebody protested to him: "But you're a star and a star must get his name in print," Fred merely asked, "Why?"

Out of such succinct remarks a legend has grown up that he is difficult, uncooperative. He is, if you expect detailed and intimate accounts of his home life. He'll only discuss his wife and children to the extent respected by the average American male, who, let's face it, is abashed at putting into words what he feels most deeply. Inevitably, the MacMurray love story was pieced together—how he met, courted and wed his Lily and how happily they have lived ever since. It's known that she is the only girl with whom he ever fell in love. Eleven years in the spotlight bring out considerable information even from a reticent man. But he isn't exactly easy about murmuring tender sentiments to Lily herself. Just try to get him to tell them to the world! The long upper lip gets longer. The eyes stop crinkling at the corners, and he snorts: "What do you take me for?"

Be that as it may, he never has closed a set, never refused to met anyone, never was rude after the introduction. What's more, he can be counted on in the pinches. The Paramount publicity department made a big thing out of a near accident which occurred during filming of a forest fire sequence in one of his pictures. A burning branch missed falling on his head by inches. The germ of truth incited the imaginations of the despensers of news. They gave out a whopper all about how it hit Fred and burned off a patch of hair. Now the memories of newspaper men are long. A few weeks later one of the fraternity walked up to MacMurray on another set and inquired as to the state of his pate. Fred remembered, too, the lamb. "It was right here," he bent over and pointed vaguely in the direction of his crown. "They've covered it with false hair. It doesn't show at all, does it?" And, since his questioner didn't dare yank, the day was saved.

His studio pals don't think there's any truthful basis for the "uncooperative" legend. On the contrary. They praise him for many things that indicate cooperation of the kind that makes a working day pleasanter. For his easy-going, undemanding ways. For his acceptance without complaint of the discomforts of screen acting, and there are plenty of those. For a droll sense of humor which can put any group in stitches with a few, quietly spoken words. They cheer him for complete lack of affectation and the brand of nastiness known as "temperament." They like the sheepish look that comes over his face when he blows his lines and the certainty he'll laugh with them after he's tripped over his tongue and started a speech hind side before.

Love of land and a desire to make it produce have been with Fred always "As long as I can remember," he says, "I've wanted to be a farmer. Practical considerations interfered in the beginning. I didn't inherit land and I didn't have money to buy any. It took me many years to earn enough to make my early dream come true. They were good years, for the most part. I've been very fortunate. I like making pictures. But someday I'm going to retire from the screen and spend the rest of my days being a full-time farmer. My farm isn't a hobby. It's for keeps."

You know he means precisely what he says, too. The way his eyes light up when he talks about crop rotation as if it were the most important thing in his ken. He can be so eloquent describing the proper way to prune apple trees you can understand why he clams up on personal trivia. Did you ever seen a show-off with green thumbs?

Ten houses, all painted white with green roofs and occupied by the families of permanent employees, are on the place and there's a dormitory for transient hands. But Fred has yet to build his own home. When the MacMurrays go there, which is as often as he can get

away from the demands of Hollywood, they live in the foreman's house. Mrs. MacMurray furnished it with nice old pieces found on various antique hunts, bright colored drapes and rag rugs. It is attractive, but simple. One gets the impression the future house will be simple also. The people who will live there despise pretense.

Fred bought his original holding in 1941. He has added six more parcels at intervals since then. The property now runs from timbered crests through pasture and grazing lands, fields of grain and hay, apple and prune orchards to river bottoms where he grows lush corn in the spring. Neighboring farmers were a little stand-offish at first. They anticipated that a movie star would play at gentleman farmer. But as they watched the slow, careful process of development they recognized serious purpose. They approved of the quiet chap who wore dungarees and old shirts instead of fancy Hollywood clothes and never tried to throw his weight around. Then last fall a forest fire threatened his farm. The telephone operator jangled the neighbors for miles around. They came a-running. Fred soon found himself juggling a tractor rigged for fire-fighting. Everybody pitched in to do his share. After it was all over and hundreds of acres of fertile land had been saved from ruin, the local gentry 150 strong descended on the MacMurray house, where Hollywood's chic Mrs. Fred MacMurray had prepared a huge barbecue supper for all with the aid of a few hands. No one who sat down to it was any more of a hero than another. But they all had become good neighbors.

A few weeks ago Fred was at his farm. He drove into town to buy supplies at the general store.

"Hi, young fella," greeted an overalled shopper, "when are you goin' to have another fire up at your place? We haven't had such a good barbecue in a long time!"

Is Today's Youth Living Too Fast?

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interested in seeking out vicarious thrills than in preparing for life. They live at such a tempo they're not satisfied for long.

GLENN: I'm sorry, but I don't think they want any more thrills than my grandmother did when she went to the fair once a year.

LINDA: Grandmother's day didn't offer so many opportunities for thrills, Glenn. Like Irene, I believe they're thrill-mad. Yet, they're not so much to blame since they're used to having so much. The once-a-month sewing bee of yesterday used to be enough. The only question kids ask themselves now is, "How much faster and easier can we do things today?"

SHIRLEY: My doctor used to tell me when I was very young that I shouldn't go out on dates too early and I should avoid night clubs until I was twenty. He said that would give me something to look forward to. But you can't tell kids not to go certain places because then they will. I was told I couldn't go to the pier at the beach and go on the concessions, but I always did. And I was always caught—either by coming home with dirty shoes or by someone telling my father he saw me on the roller-coaster at the beach. I think parents should use psychology to keep young people away from bars and cheap dance halls.

HOLLAND: Not to sidetrack you, but let's branch out a bit. What do you think about the clubs that have been organized to give kids guidance and recreation? What about home parties?

LINDA: I can't believe so-called recreation clubs are hitting the mark. They cling to too many old-fashioned ideas. The leaders aren't sufficiently aware of the temperament of kids today. Teenage John and Mary are far ahead of the soda pop and ice cream social.

GLENN: It depends on what the club is. I don't believe, for example, the Centerville Hot Rod Club is organized to help.

SHIRLEY: The Beverly Hills High School has done a fine job with its canteen. There's a soda pop bar there and dances are also given. The kids really love it. There's a swimming pool, too, which can be covered with a sliding floor and turned into a basketball court. This is one case where a recreational club has really been a success.

IRENE: Such clubs are a great step ahead. I believe only that they must be headed by young people. During the war, the young leaders were away and were greatly missed. Older people were in charge then and they just didn't understand youth. That's why some went off the deep end.

BOB: The same idea applies to home parties. If parents offer horn-rimmed glasses and a book to read, it's no go. I say let the kids be boisterous at home. Don't worry about the furniture. Take all breakable things away, roll up the rugs, and let them go.

IRENE: Home parties are difficult, though, since young people think the grass across the street is greener. Besides, they like to go out. However, once home parties are started right, they can be fun

GLENN: I think the word "parties" is wrong. You shouldn't need parties to make a home attractive. Some of the so-called parties I've seen do more harm than good, but the blame is on the parents then. I warn you here and now—it's the parents *I'm* after, not the kids!

HOLLAND: We know what to expect anyway, Glenn. But what about the effect the war has had on the behavior of youth today?

GLENN: I'd say the war had a good effect on the strong and a bad effect on the weak. It's made men, yes, but it also put morals at a low ebb during the actual battle years. Yet, the war developed kids because it gave them responsibilities. Don't forget that some of the "wild youth" of 1938 and 1939 who drove cars 75 miles an hour are the same kids who helped keep the Japs and Nazis away from us.

SHIRLEY: During the war, most kids had something to do. They could take courses as student nurses, they managed paper drives, and the like. Now there's nothing for them to do. I think they should be given projects to replace those that kept them busy during the war. Only recently I volunteered as a student nurse and was told that hospitals no longer had any places for student nurses. The war made kids grow up faster, but now they're supposed to be little ladies and gentlemen and play with their dolls. I think the community is to blame for this situation.

BOB: The war has certainly made them more aware of their problems and obligations.

LINDA: I can't ag e. The war is the whole reason for the neuroses and emotional stress kids of today are under. The whole set-up causes insecurity.

IRENE: There's another angle to this. The war has made youth feel superior. Some of the vets going back to school four years older must find it pretty tough to be in lower grades than those younger than they. I don't think you associate tolerance with youth.

HOLLAND: Now—for your pet subject, Glenn—the parents. In what respect are they succeeding or failing in their jobs today?

GLENN: You're putting me on the spot, Jack, but I'll say that I know a lot of good parents and a lot of bad ones. I definitely believe that it's the parents, however, who should be criticized. That's if you want to look hard enough for the reasons. Because of the age we're living in, youth needs parents who can supply the right answers to their questions, parents with the courage to give those answers and the intelligence to give the right ones. I think a good many parents are afraid to supply the answers—and are shirking their responsibilities.

IRENE: You may have a point there, Glenn, but in my case the parents I've known are breaking their necks trying to help their children. The balance, to me, seems more in favor of their assuming rather than shirking responsibilities.

BOB: I actually believe that the kids of today are a step ahead of the parents. And I think mothers and fathers are waking up. My father taught me to obey the laws of life. He kept no secrets about life from me. He showed me the right and wrong. Today's parents are like him.

SHIRLEY: Perhaps some are, but there are those who are always completely at a loss. However, I do know one mother who always offered her daughter of twelve a cocktail whenever she gave a cocktail party. She also offered her cigarettes. As a result, the girl never wanted a drink or a smoke—and to this day she has no interest in either. This system, I must confess, might not work with all girls, but it is indicative of one way to handle a problem.

HOLLAND: What do you think, Linda? Didn't you lead a sheltered life?

LINDA: To a certain extent, yes. But I do believe kids are ahead of their parents now. That's because parents had to shirk their responsibilities to

them during the war. As a result, youth, left on its own, became more daring. It's hard now for kids to pay any attention to, "Come on, obey mother and father now—we're home again." I believe it's wrong, though, for parents to make a mystery out of ordinary things by refusing to be honest with kids. Such parents are then surprised that their boys and girls want to peek behind the curtain.

GLENN: You have something there, Linda. Too many parents live in a dream world of their own. For example, a father thinks he'll be looked upon as weak by his son if he has a heart-to-heart talk with him.

IRENE: I think all of us parents must remember one thing—we can't be so strict with our children that we crush them. I'm not overly strict with Mary Frances, my daughter, but I know the job it is to discipline fairly.

HOLLAND: We could go on forever on this subject, but there's another point I want aired. What about kids wanting independence too fast?

GLENN: Naturally kids want to be independent. Who can blame them? The war has made many feel they're old enough to live their own lives capably. If they're not ready for such independence, a good parent will show them why they aren't ready.

IRENE: That's why I say children should listen to their parents—but how few do! Youth feels it's so mentally advanced—more so than it is. I think independence depends, however, on what kids want it for. Some want it for themselves. Others to help their family. In their hurry, they try to take short cuts. They choose the wrong profession, for example, or they don't finish college since they want to make money *now*. They make rash moves they'll regret later.

LINDA: There's no doubt that kids look upon independence as The Great Adventure. They forget the responsibilities and they're not equipped for what happens.

BOB: You're all taking the black side of the picture. I honestly believe most kids who do break out and go their own way do okay. Generally speaking, they don't break away soon enough. Naturally, a lot depends on the kid.

GLENN: There's one thing I want to clear up, Jack. When you speak of independence, do you also mean youthful marriages?

HOLLAND: Yes. Tying the knot can look pretty independent. Don't you agree, Shirley?

SHIRLEY: If you mean that marriage brings independence, I don't agree. You have less then than ever. It's the old 50-50 idea, but John, my husband, says it's more of a 60-40 deal.

GLENN: Well, I don't worry about youthful marriages—except when the boy or girl hasn't had good upbringing. And by that I mean not only parental upbringing but also the influence of the church.

IRENE: In marriage especially, the kids today seem to be more impetuous than informed as to its importance. They don't realize the seriousness of marriage, its sanctity. And perhaps that's because they haven't seen especially outstanding examples of respect for marriage from the older generation to teach them.

LINDA: Yet, I feel that kids today take marriage seriously, the majority of them. They wouldn't settle down to it if they didn't.

HOLLAND: Speaking of settling down, Linda, brings up a point. Will the kids today who are allegedly living fast ever want to settle down?

LINDA: I think a desire for excitement is natural. And I think settling down in marriage can be judged solely by asking yourself whether you want to get married for physical comfort and excitement only or whether it's a life-time job. I had to learn my lesson about marriage.

GLENN: I believe in kids getting excitement out of their systems first. A boy or a girl is then a good bet for marriage.

IRENE: But do they ever get the excitement out of their systems? I know one couple who have been married fifteen years and can't stand to spend an evening at home alone.

GLENN: That may be an isolated incident. But the worst bet for marriage is a kid who has a lot to get out of his system, who has been held back by parents until he's stifled. Kids who marry to get release from such parental suppression are never going to be happy.

IRENE: Boys and girls know pretty well if they're being sheltered too much. I can't help feeling, however, in contrast to your views, Glenn, that youths who see and do too much are not good bets for marriage. Perhaps it's wise for a boy to get all the excitement out of his system, but with a girl I think it's better for her not to. My whole point is that too many kids today don't worry about a marriage lasting. They're much too surrounded by divorce and a casual attitude about marital relations.

BOB: I love discussing the so-called "wild age." After all, that's what all this comes down to. Every boy has to go through that wild stage in life. Parents can only hold on and hope their boy or girl will come through this age."

GLENN: Too many parents just sit back and wait instead of guiding.

BOB: The smart ones will do that rather than issue demands. I think youthful marriages work out if the parties involved are rational. Certainly I feel kids today are more experienced and more able to handle the responsibilities of marriage. And I have no patience with those parents who raise meaningless objections to marriage. They're merely trying to hold on to the last bit of authority. They can't believe that their children are actually capable of knowing what they're doing. It's all part of the system of older people not wanting to admit that the youth of today develops faster than our fathers and mothers did. Besides, kids aren't getting married earlier now than they once did. In Civil War days, they married at fifteen.

SHIRLEY: I think young marriages have a better chance of clicking than those between couples who are older. People who marry when they're more mature seem to be more blase and indifferent about it. They lack the radiance and excitement that young kids have. I do think girls should, however, marry a man at least three or four years older than they. Men are almost always more immature than women, you know.

HOLLAND: We'll let that one pass, Shirley. Since marriage means the ability to choose the right kind of person to live with, how can kids judge the characters of others?

GLENN: That's a ridiculous question With proper upbringing, instinct will tell them what is right about others.

SHIRLEY: I don't think it's quite that simple. Young kids who live fast ruin themselves for almost anything—health and marriage. They probably wouldn't know the right person to marry if he came along. They go with so many questionable people their judgment gets warped. Yet, I do feel a girl should go with several boys before she marries so she can better discover the qualities she likes. She shouldn't marry the first person who pays any attention to her. This, of course, demands certain discrimination on the girl's part.

IRENE: I don't think too many young people have their minds on the characters of others. The majority of girls would rather go to a Prom with the most handsome boy than one pointed out to her as having a good character. This is one time when kids should consult others older than themselves. There's nothing a girl will live to regret more than a character who isn't all he's supposed to be. I know a girl in the east who has the most marvelous parents and a lovely home. In talking to her parents one day, they said, "The only thing about our daughter is that she is no judge of character. She's not the least discriminating in the matter of friends." The girl wouldn't listen to her parents and now she has a none too savory reputation, simply because of the company she keeps. So parental upbringing isn't the whole answer. The girl has to want to know the really right people.

LINDA: I don't know too many kids who will listen to anyone when they're infatuated. It would be wonderful if they would. They have to be guided by their own code of morals—which goes back to Glenn's idea about upbringing to an extent. I do feel, however, that too many boys and girls aren't concerned about their conduct before marriage. They go too far. Yet it's a feeling that's in the air. A feeling brought about by unstable homes. This all makes kids feel grown up. And advertisements in magazines today certainly don't make them feel otherwise.

BOB: If only schools would start courses in psychology at an early age! What a help that would be! There would be less cases then of kids marrying the wrong person simply because they don't want to admit that their judgment of that person at first was wrong.

GLENN: We're skating on thin ice to an extent. Talking about freedom before marriage, and all that, I can only repeat—there can be no promiscuity if the boy and girl have been brought up like a lady and a gentleman.

LINDA: Yet I know a girl who was brought up like a lady—but she has fallen in love with a young veteran who has seen and done a lot these past few years. She's a rather naïve person and

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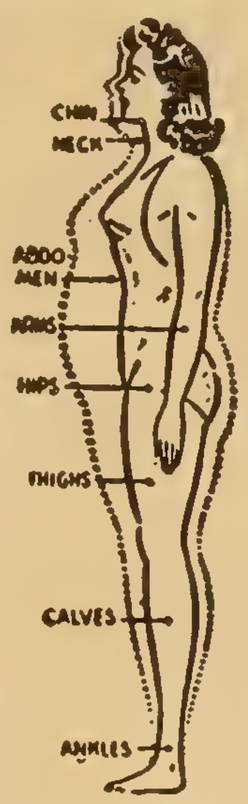

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it hurts me to see her so determined to go into a marriage that is sure to be a mistake. I've tried to talk to her, but it doesn't do any good. She's impetuous, sure of herself. She's young. So what do you do then?

BOB: I say, hope for the best. But don't tell her she mustn't marry him, for then she certainly will!

SHIRLEY: It's easy to spot the promiscuous kids anyway. The girls always wear too much makeup and make a career of going after boys. And the fellows are just as obvious in the way they talk, dress, and act when a girl is around.

HOLLAND: Let's do a complete break now. How do you feel society has failed in its job with today's youth? What about juvenile delinquency?

GLENN: Am I to assume from this question that today's youth has failed? Rubbish!

IRENE: I don't call it juvenile delinquency. When I appeared on the Town Hall Meeting of the Air a while back—in which I stood up for today's youth—I was asked to define juvenile delinquency. I replied, "Parental delinquency." As for what society can do to help, I think it should make parents more conscious of their responsibilities, make them better censors of what their children should do and see.

LINDA: Society is trying now to bring out psychological problems that should have been taught early in schools. Why, even the funny papers more or less glorify crime, make it seem exciting. Anyway, it's hard for kids to be normal when the world is going off half-cocked.

BOB: For society to know how to help kids is like telling how to make a good picture every time. I do think that if more emphasis were placed on sports, kids would use up their energy in that way instead of hunting for thrills.

SHIRLEY: I think society can do a job—and a good one. It can see that large recreational houses are built. It can start student nurses schools again. It can let young people plan parties which would be sponsored by a responsible official. And, above all, kids should be taught how to combat racial prejudice. That's a big contributing factor, I think, toward delinquency. And it wouldn't be a bad idea to adopt, in some form, the high school system of student government in which boys and girls are tried for misdemeanors by kids of their own age.

HOLLAND: Those are a lot of good ideas, Shirley. Along this same line, you've all read reports that movies are a bad influence on today's kids. Do you believe that?—and I want honest answers even though you're in the movies! Or do you think parents don't exercise the right kind of control on the pictures kids see?

SHIRLEY: I'm frankly sick and tired of the movies being blamed for everything. After all, the movies do have a good influence, so why harp on them all the time?

IRENE: It's more that parents are careless about the pictures their children see. I'd like to see theaters throughout the country which would show only suitable films for young people. I'd love my daughter to be able to go to the movies without my having to censor them. And I do censor Mary Frances' film fare. I say films should be segregated in theaters. Let the adults see adult movies and let kids have their proper pictures. My complaint isn't on the movies, anyway, but on radio.

GLENN: Movies, like the war, are bad for the weak and good for the strong. So my suggestion is—develop more strong characters.

BOB: I think the question is far more serious than that. Pictures do have a tendency to make kids want to ape the fairy-tale existence depicted on the screen. Yet this life on the screen isn't true because movies can't tell a true story. Censorship makes pictures a Johnny-One-Note. We're narrowed down here to making one kind of picture that merely *implies* the realistic phases of life in innuendo. Movies, therefore, make a mystery out of common, ordinary phases of life. I don't say get rid of censorship but I do say, "Relax the controls enough so that pictures are truer to life. Stop being sly and be honest."

LINDA: That's just the way I feel, Bob. After all, the English and the French make adult movies for adults.

HOLLAND: Well, that ends the main discussion. It's now your chance to give any parting shots you may wish.

LINDA: I'd like merely to say that youth should keep something to look forward to. Slow down a bit, kids, and have more fun.

IRENE: And I say parents should make their children visit children's hospitals and to see the seamy side of life so they can better see what's ahead of them if they act impulsively—and to show them what they can do to help others less fortunate. Play hard, yes, but have a purpose in life!

GLENN: I'm still learning to be a good parent. I only hope that when my son, Peter, is old enough to listen to me, I'll be able to give him the right advice. I had two of the best parents in the world. To be like them is my ambition.

BOB: And I say to parents: whenever you issue demands, ask yourself: "Am I making such demands on my children because I'm afraid of not being hero-worshipped any more by them?" In other words, "Hold tight with open hands."

SHIRLEY: All I can add is that youth is the greatest time of anyone's life. Why fritter it away? Make it the foundation of the years that lie ahead of you. Have fun—but be sensible.

HOLLAND: Thank you all. I'll meet you around the table next month for another session for SCREENLAND. Until then—thanks for proving that Hollywood stars are honestly concerned with the problems of today.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Now that you have read the above discussion you know that Screenland's Star Advisers speak right out in meeting. Now, what personal problem or question of general interest do you want them to discuss? State your questions and the stars will select those which they consider worthy and suitable for future discussion. Write to SCREENLAND'S Star Advisers in care of SCREENLAND Magazine, 37 W. 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

It's About Time!

Continued from page 48

players in Hollywood. Every afternoon off will find him at the Los Angeles Tennis Club, playing with such expert tennis players as Donald Budge, Jack Kramer, and Ted Schroeder. He loves to go swimming down at the beach and he can get a suntan that makes you happy Technicolor was invented. Yet he isn't just the boy athlete without a brain in his handsome head. Rather, Phil is an athletic aesthete. He loves good music; he always has a box at the Hollywood Bowl every summer. He plays the violin beautifully. His rumba is something little Hollywood gals dream about. He likes good books, good company, good food. He's a perfectionist in the art of living. Wines must be just right. His clothes must be correct for the occasion. He is beautifully sensitive to the more sensitive side of living, and yet he is also definitely an outdoor man. In a word, his life is beautifully balanced and rounded.

Part of this is due to his background. He isn't one of those who had nothing yesterday, everything today. His family was well-to-do. Philip's father was a manufacturer of sporting goods, and there were wonderful summers in the country, the best schools, swimming, riding, tennis. And music. When Phil was about eight, he started studying the violin. This gave him a great basis for his study and enjoyment of classical music all through his life. So that when he got ready to go to Cornell, he was all set for quite a different type of life than that of the average actor.

Isn't it strange how things happen? For there was Philip, deeply interested in advertising. He used to study the signs on the bus, and think: "That one's good advertising," or, "That one isn't." He also spent summers when he was in his teens, selling magazines. He and his brother were super-terrific salesmen. Every week, between them they cleared around $500. And that's being terrific. They never used that oldie, "I'm working my way through college," either. Philip began to feel that if he could sell himself to people individually, then he could sell himself to them collectively—via the stage. This decision didn't just hit him out of the blue. He had been in a couple of high school plays, and his teacher had noticed his very real talent.

Teachers should get more credit. It's amazing how they spot talent that parents and friends often don't take too seriously. It's wonderful how they guide and influence so many toward the right paths. It was Philip's teacher who started him thinking about a stage career.

And it's odd, too, how the chain of events influence our lives. For there was Philip, selling magazines, and blithely pocketing his $250 per week, when he knocked at the door of a man who was a prominent Broadway actor. He promised to get Phil a couple of walk-ons in his show when it opened in the fall, and also sent him over to a summer stock company to get experience. Phil went to work for $10 a week. He didn't dare tell the theater manager he had no experi-

"Our marriage was all thorns . . ."

Ned was habitually bristling like a cactus, over nothing at all . . . was seldom his sweet, loving self any more. What had happened to our perfect marriage? Why, *this:* I only *thought* I knew about feminine hygiene. I didn't realize that careless *now-and-then* care could spoil one's married happiness . . . until my doctor enlightened me. Yes—then, he recommended using "Lysol" brand disinfectant for douching—always.

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ence, so he pretended he had. Years later he met this theater manager again. "You know," he told Phil, "you didn't fool me one minute. I knew you had never seen the inside of a stage in your life, but I thought, 'That kid has a lot of guts. I think I'll give him a break!'"

For Philip was determined to learn. He decided to take anything in the way of acting he could get. He didn't need the money, because his family lived in New York and Phil always had a place to live and good meals to come home to. Besides, he had quite a bit of money saved from selling magazines. But he did need experience. He got it. He played in everything except burlesque and the circus. First he did six months of stock. In one play, "Within the Law," he played three different parts. He learned more than just how to characterize. He learned backstage life. For instance, there was one time when he played the butler in the first scene; and in the next he had to switch to the rôle of an old sea dog. He only had two minutes to make the change. One of the character actors told him he had such a young face he should wear a gray wig. So Phil would walk out of the scene where he played the butler, rush up three flights of stairs to his dressing room, slap on a turtle neck sweater and the gray wig, tear down the three flights of stairs again—and then go back into the scene. One night, as he swaggered on the scene as the old sea dog, there was a loud guffaw from the audience. Phil had been in such a hurry he had put the wig on backwards, and his black hair stuck out the front and the gray hair out the back. When the director got hold of Phil, he said, "Take that blankety-blank wig off and never put it on again!" Through trial and error, Phil learned.

Pretty soon, he was doing juvenile leads. He was getting fifty dollars a week, too, which was pretty good—because there was a depression on. Many of Phil's friends, who had gone to "steadier" jobs, were out of work. But Phil, in what is often thought of as an "uncertain" profession, was doing okay. Because he didn't let chance guide his life. He kept getting better and better parts, not just in dramatic shows, but in big musical comedies, too. He became known as one of the most versatile young actors on Broadway. He was one of the stars of "Ziegfeld Follies." In "Melody" he had a chance to delight an actor's soul: he played a rôle that went from a young man to an old grandfather. And he was so outstanding that Doris Warner, who was scouting for talent in New York, signed him for Warner Brothers.

That was ten years ago, and that is where this story should go. "Then he came to Hollywood, was put into a smash production, and overnight he became a star." Only the story doesn't go that way. Badly advised by his agent, Phil tried to break his Warner contract before it had even begun. This started him out on the wrong foot with the studio; and, after two years, he had gone from a sexy leading man to a guy who gets pies thrown in his face. Philip likes pies all right, but not in his face. He was happy when he asked for his release and got it.

He's a boy who can take a hint. When he didn't make a picture for five months, he rather thought his picture career was jinxed. But Mae West saw him and thought otherwise. She asked for him for "Klondike Annie," which you bobby-soxers may not remember, but which was one of the hottest pictures on record. After that, Philip did "The Last of the Mohicans" and got rave reviews. Tallulah Bankhead paged him for the lead opposite her in "Reflected Glory," and when Phil opened in the play on Broadway—with "The Last of the Mohicans" playing just down the street—he began to feel he was at last over the hurdle.

When that show closed, he returned to Hollywood to do another picture, and then decided it would be fun to go to England for awhile to make a picture there. It was fun. He went with Brian Aherne and had a whale of a time. Between pictures, he played in tennis tournaments all over England, France, Wales and Scotland. It was a wonderful time to play; but it wasn't a wonderful time to leave Hollywood. He stayed until Munich and the war clouds. You shouldn't do that to Hollywood. She is a jealous dame, and fickle. She likes you to stick around and woo her. But Phil has always been the independent type. None of this wait-for-the-phone-to-ring routine for him. So he rounded out his life a little more by learning to love England and the English people.

Phil enjoyed his stay abroad very much. He came back the Christmas of 1938 to play with John Barrymore in "My Dear Children." He was with Barrymore about a year and a half. This was all part of learning, too. For although Phil was a polished and accomplished actor by now, you could always learn from Barrymore. "He was terrific in rehearsals," says Phil. "He'd move you to tears. But by show time, he would forget his lines, and we'd be there on the stage waiting for whatever would happen. People used to come four and five times just to see what he would do. You had to learn to ad lib. For instance, he'd say—to you and the audience—'What's my cue?' You couldn't let it throw you. I'd say, 'I don't know your cue,' and remain unruffled while he yelled to the wings, 'What's my cue?' Or, he'd just throw away the script and we'd start telling jokes. I was glad I had experience. I needed it. He threw me everything in the book."

In "My Dear Children" Phil caused a minor sensation. He came out on the stage and the women swooned. Groucho Marx, who saw Phil's performance one matinée day in Chicago, said of it, "In all my thirty years in the theater, I have never seen such feminine reaction." Phil's voice was becoming famous too, because he was doing three radio shows a week from New York. He'd been away from Hollywood a long time. He didn't miss the glitter city, and he was quite sure it didn't miss him. He was wrong. An agent told him people were asking about him out here, about the handsome guy in "My Dear Children." So Phil came back, made two tests in two days. One was for "Weekend for Three" at RKO, the other was for "Aloma of the South Seas" for Paramount. He got both parts.

Then another part came along, and another boss: Uncle Sam. Phil joined the

Navy. He spent two years in the South Pacific. Most of his stint was at New Hebrides.

The war helped Phil, though, in some ways. He matured. He came of age. And he added all his experiences—good and bad, together—to give him a background of solidity and vision. He had always been a good actor. He had always been handsome. But there was a certain sternness about his face when he returned to Hollywood: strength, character, a certain strong manliness. And his experiences were no longer just play-acting; he had been living drama and tragedy. It gave him a new depth.

You'll see this depth when you see him on the screen. You'll see this versatility. In "Song of Scheherazade" he's villainous but likeable, as *Prince Mischetsky*. He's a wonderful *Steve Wilson*, managing editor, in the "Big Town" series. He's a lover to make bobby-soxers swoon dead away in "Her Sister's Secret." And in "Pirates of Monterey," wooing Maria Montez, he causes your heart to miss a beat.

Now there's one thing about Hollywood. The town makes mistakes, but, sooner or later, if you are a good actor —Hollywood catches on. Right now Hollywood is catching on regarding one Philip Reed. All his fans can say is: it's about time!

Man with a Plan

Continued from page 69

Hellinger, heartily. "The part is yours."

And that's how it happened that Eddie O'Brien made his return bow in a rôle that was a distinct change from his light comedy rôles before the war. As the insurance investigator with the nose of a bloodhound for tracking down his quarry, he made an impression that solidly re-established him in the interest of movie-goers. If, as Hellinger had jokingly suggested, any fans had forgotten Eddie, that was quickly taken care of by this fine picture which won the acclaim of critics and fans alike.

It usually turns out that Eddie O'Brien has a carefully thought out reason for what he does. He can be as determined in carrying out a plan as any other Irishman, which, if you know your Irishmen, is plenty determined. But he doesn't carry determination to the point of pig-headedness, nor does he ever lose sight of the other fellow's rights. It was no idle whim that led him to camp on Mr. Hellinger's doorstep from almost the minute he got out of the Army.

"I was let out at Santa Ana, in January, 1946," he said, "and reported back a couple of days later to Universal-International, where I am under contract. To be honest, I did my level best to stay out of everything else and get into 'The Killers.' I had read the script and thought it was one of the tightest, best constructed screenplays I had ever read, and I wanted above all to work with Hellinger and Robert Siodmak, who directed."

It was in January, 1943, just after

Are you in the know?

What brings out a suntan best?

- ☐ *A smart beret-beach-bag*
- ☐ *A white bask-ground*
- ☐ *A hot bath*

Beauty and the Beach *can* go together. Consider the sharp new beret shown above — that shakes into a beach-bag! (Neat?) You can wear it with confidence. On "calendar days" you can wear any beach togs without a shadow of a doubt — thanks to Kotex. Because Kotex has *flat pressed ends* that prevent "outlines" from tattling. And while you're sunning, remember this: Bask on a white sheet or towel. It's shadowless . . . brings out a suntan best.

How would you discourage this?

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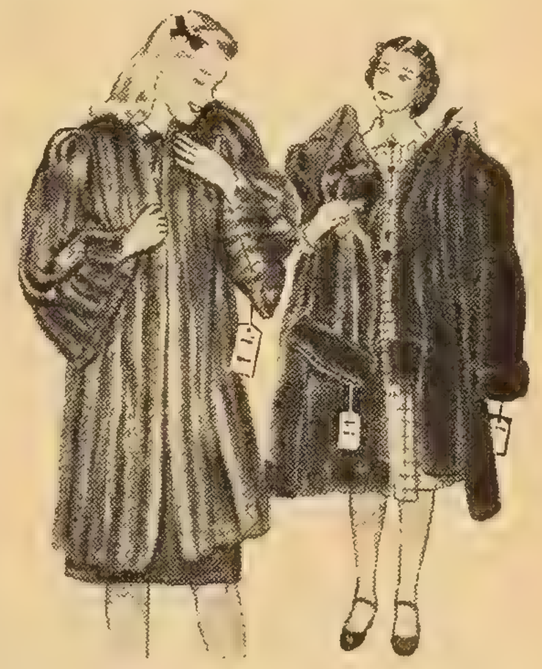
- ☐ *Tell him off*
- ☐ *Let your hair down*

When he gives that wayward wisp a tug — why rant? Or wear a warm, longish mane? Keep a cool head. Twine stubborn strands around two straight hairpins, and they're under control. You can master other trying situations, too. At certain times, for instance, by choosing Kotex you are sure of extra protection with that exclusive *safety center*. And you're so at ease with that elastic Kotex Wonderform Belt. So snug! So smooth-fitting! No binding!



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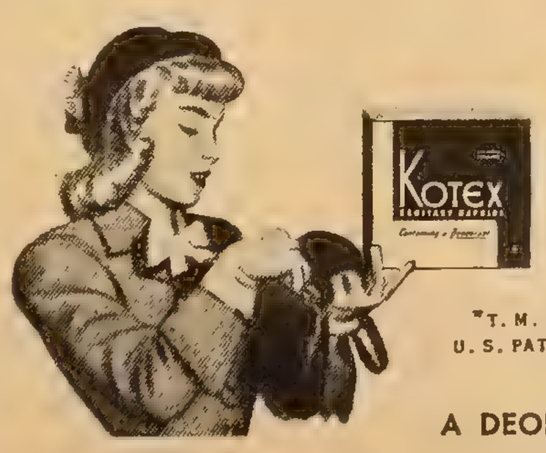
- ☐ *A "bargain" beaver*
- ☐ *A magnificent mouton*

You drool for a mink, but it's too rich for your budget? It's smart to select the coat best suited to your problem. Just as on problem *days*, it's smart to select Kotex— for only Kotex offers you *3 sizes* to help you find the napkin that exactly meets your needs: Regular, Junior or Super Kotex — each made to *stay soft while you wear it.* So too, in buying furs, choose what's best for *you*. The very finest mouton, rather than a third-rate beaver.



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1. A pleasant white lotion without bad clinging depilatory odor.
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5. Removes hair close to skin, leaving skin soft, smooth, and alluring.
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MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES
This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief
Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.
The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.
When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.
Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Eddie had finished in "The Amazing Mrs. Holiday" with Deanna Durbin, that he received his greetings from the President and reported for basic training in Florida. Following that, he was sent to R.O.M. School in Chicago, and then to Truax Field, Wisconsin.

"I had started out with the Air Forces," Eddie explained, "trying to be a radio operator gunner, and I was pretty nearly ready for it when they put me into 'Winged Victory'—and there I was, an actor all over again. I was pretty much against it at the time, but it wasn't in my hands, and before very long I was grateful to be doing a play again. I hadn't done one since I played *Mercutio* in 'Romeo and Juliet' with Olivier and Leigh in 1940.

Since his return to Hollywood, Eddie has picked up where he left off with his old friends, but he's found that many activities which he used to enjoy no longer interest him.

"I don't think I've been to more than three big parties since I've been out of the army," he said. "I used to go to all of them and think that was great. I used to be a night-clubber, too, before the war, but the places just bore me now."

His closest friends are his brother Bill, a writer now working with Robert Riskin at RKO; Sammy Waxman, who's a cutter; Peter Lind Hayes and his wife, Mary Healy; Richard Wallace, the director; Dick Steenberg, an agent with MCA. "They don't handle me," explained Eddie, "but Dick was once a cutter at Universal-International—that's where I got to know him."

Once a week Eddie and his pals try to get together to run pictures—old ones that they've missed, or ones that they want to see again for study purposes. "This is all with a view to some day making films for ourselves," he admitted.

When Eddie recently moved into a house (and incidentally, his landlord was formerly his colonel, down in Florida), folks naturally began wondering if he were not making plans to take unto himself a bride. Since his divorce from actress Nancy Kelly, he's been on the eligible-bachelor list. He insists that there is no serious romance in his life, but admits frankly that he wishes there were.

"I am completely ready for a bride if I could find one," he says. "But I don't think Hollywood is an easy place to find one. I think marriage requires more thought and work than a career girl would be liable to give it, and I don't believe careers and marriages mix successfully, as a rule. I think sometimes a wife can have some other kind of a job and be successful at marriage; but being an actress is a 24-hour-a-day job. That's why I think it's a difficult career to fit in with marriage. Of course, if I should fall in love with an actress, I would certainly not let that stand in my way. But from this point, I don't think it would be very sensible. I'd like to find a girl who wants a couple of Irish brats around, and wants to stay home and look after them. If I can find someone like that, I'll get hitched tomorrow!"

Eddie, who is the first of a long line of O'Briens to become an actor, decided upon his career at the age of ten, and being the practical type at even that tender age, he forthwith worked up a magic show which he put on in the family basement for the neighborhood kids. It was Houdini, who influenced O'Brien to start his professional career as a magician. Born in New York, he grew up on the same street where Houdini lived, and has vivid memories of the great showman.

During his high school years, Eddie spent his summers at Westport, Connecticut, where he hung around a little theater on the strawhat circuit, and by doing favors for the actors, wangled himself a "walk-on" rôle in a play. He was sixteen at the time of his début.

After high school, he enrolled at Fordham University, but still impatient for practical experience, he left before the end of his first year to join the Columbia Laboratory Players and to act simultaneously at the Neighborhood Playhouse downtown. Following a summer of stock in Yonkers, young O'Brien landed a rôle on Broadway in "Daughters of Atreus," which brought him to the attention of Guthrie McClintic, who gave him the rôle of the second gravedigger in "Hamlet." This led to other rôles on Broadway, and also to radio work. He was appearing in "Henry IV" when Pandro Berman signed him for "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."

For all his interest in films and their possibilities, Edmond O'Brien feels that working before the camera is never so satisfying to the actor as working before a theater audience.

"I suppose it's heresy to say so," he says amiably, "but actually I feel that actors are not really responsible for their performances on the screen. In films you are subject to a director's treatment of the scene, you are subject to the sound recording, you are subject to camera angles and magic. You can play a scene a certain way. If it's photographed from one angle it looks fine; if it's photographed from another angle, it looks terrible. In films a good performance can be lighted or recorded the wrong way, and vice versa. What emerges that is good or bad, you may not be responsible for. In other words, I think it is possible for a poor actor to give a good performance, sometimes even a great performance, in films; and it is *never* possible for a poor actor to give a good performance on the stage. You are in sole control of your performance on the stage, from 8:30 to 11, or whenever the play ends. That's why actors never lose that desire to go back to the stage.

"Peter and Mary Hayes and I are working out plans now for a permanent theater where the three of us can work. I want to direct, and Pete feels the need of audience reaction in developing his comedy material. If we can do this with the good wishes of the studio, we may put on 'Design for Living' next summer, rehearsing it here and then touring summer theaters back east. Everybody remembers 'Design for Living' as a sophisticated play, but we see it as a great comedy."

Yes, Eddie O'Brien without a plan is as unlikely as a ship without a compass. He knows exactly where he's going, and why. And it's ten to one he'll get there.

Fred Robbins Right Off the Record

Continued from page 41

How that chick can chirp! (Columbia C125)

DICK HAYMES: "Mam'selle," "Stella by Starlight." Ah, open that mouth, Richard! He does, and out pours these two wonderful sides. Funny thing is neither one originally had words. You'll remember the first as that gorgeous hunk of background music you dug in "The Razor's Edge" in the café scene. And the back was a thrilling strain written and scored by Victor Young. So say thanks to Mack Gordon and Ned Washington respectively, who wrote the thrillable syllables so Dickie could sing 'em. (Decca)

WOODY HERMAN: Hey now! Here's Woodrow's first two pancakes on his ownsy. He's let the Herman Herd loose, ya know—and has joined the swollen ranks of the vocalists. A welcome bit of augmenting too, 'cause a sermon by Herman is most hearable any time. W. H. exercises that larynx about the pinto pony and a navajo who lived "Across the Alley from the Alamo," "No Greater Love," "That's My Desire," and that keen little queen, "Ivy." He's got his clarinet along for the ride, though. and is backed by the 4 Chips, an instrumental quartet. A versatile kid, this Ingrid Herman's daddy. (Columbia)

KING COLE TRIO: Put away those books, Snooks, while Nat Cole tells you what cooks. Venus was a lady with oh so many charms, but she got so much huggin', that she wore out both her arms! But "You Don't Learn That in School," chants Nat in that wonderful sly way that knocks everyone out. And this fresh one's a honey! Very cacciatore! Turn it on its tummy for a ballad that'll getcha like the witches got Macbeth—"Meet Me in No Special Place, at No Particular Time." You'll be meeting this fetchin' etchin' every place and almost any time you dig a juke or a sound box (radio). Oscar Moore on guitar and Johnny Miller, bass, the other members of the gleesome threesome, wonderful as always. (Capitol)

FREDDY MARTIN: Everybody made money on Peter Ilyich Tschaikowsky's songs but P.I.T., and one Frederick Ilyich Martinovich prob'ly raked in the most. After the dance arrangement of the Piano Concerto in B Flat, he got on a Concerto kick and had a fling at some other fine classical bits. We always thought it a fine idea 'cause it gave so many ears their first sample of longhair and from that they picked up on the real thing. Well, the Concerto King has packed 8 biscuits of ear lotion 'tween the leaves of a fresh Victor album and here's what falls out: P.I.T.'s, of course, "Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto," "Cornish Rhapsody Theme," "Symphony Moderne," "Grieg Piano Concerto," "Warsaw Concerto," "Intermezzo" and "Night and Day." Latter is a fresh disc and how much long underwear can a guy wear in July anyhow! These're nice and dreamy, Mimi. (Victor P 169)

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COUNT BASIE: "Free Eats," "Bill's Mill," "One O'Clock Boogie," "Meet Me At No Special Place"; The Kid from Red Bank, Bill Basie and a few originals to get that'll get that pedal extremity tappin' just right. The chow opus is about a juicy barbecue, Sue, and the whole band picks their teeth and joins in. Flip spots some fine tenor by Paul Gonsalves and the trumpets of Emmett Berry and Harry Edison. Then the Count massages you with a mess of boogie woogie, an 8 to the bar version of his theme "One O'Clock Jump" and puts it to you like a dentist's drill only it doesn't hurt one bit. Reverse is the one Nat Cole introduced and spots the voice of Ann Baker. Nat's is the one, though. (Victor)

PHIL HARRIS: Hya, Jackson! It's Alice's boy—and some happy liltin', Milton! Phil wraps those pungent lungs around "It's a Good Deal," and the one about 'six, tall, slim, slick, sycamore saplings' —'possum on the loose'—"The Possum Song." I'll have candied yams with mine, please. Then the irrepressible rascal of the Jack Benny show knocks out the one from "Perils of Pauline," "Poppa Don't Preach to Me"—about a young monsieur—not a possum—on the loose in gay Paree. Turn this one on its back and you get "Necessity" from "Finian's Rainbow," Joe. (Victor)

JEAN SABLON: Ah, ma petite chou —it est un plasir d'ecouter le voix de Jean Sablon. Two of his most popular cookies too, reissued for thine eager ear, dear: "J'Attendrai," and "Le Fiacre." Ah, chic alors! C'epatant! (Victor)

TOMMY DORSEY: "Bingo, Bango, Boffo," "Spring Isn't Everything." Bang! goes the Fabulous Tommy and Bango, Boffo, too! Hits you in dead center, an exciting jump ride with some sharp trumpet by Charley Shavers that comes on like two sets of tennis and a shower! T'other side spots the pipes of Stu Foster —"There's a lot to be said for summer," says he, le printemps isn't the whole deal. Real pretty. (Victor)

FRANK SINATRA: "Gee lookit the Statue of Liberty with clouds in her hair." Hoe handle with 4 hunks of ear balm for your soundflap from "It Happened in Brooklyn"—"The Brooklyn Bridge," "It's the Same Old Dream," "I Believe" and "Time After Time," by Sammy Kahn and Julie Styne. File my edges and call me SMOOTH! Nancy's daddy's perkin' like the B.M.T. subway, hey. So-o-o pretty! D'ya see the picture? Cute, hey? And that Peter Lawford didn't do any harm, either. If these don't bring out the smelling salts Frank's coupling of "Mam'selle" and "Stella by Starlight" will. Enchantin' chantin'. (Columbia)

BILLIE HOLLIDAY: "Solitude," "No Greater Love"—um-m-m—like a ride with the convertible top down! Lady Day's latest cookie. A fine helping of yelping, too! Coupla oldies you've been screaming for resung and tied with a red ribbon, so put that clammy little paw on it before it's no more. (Decca)

FRANKIE CARLE: The kid with the golden touch touches off a brace of instrumentals. "Sunrise Serenade's" the one that sent the guy to the top like a jet propelled rocket, and the other cheek will stiffen your back, Jack—"Carle's Boogie." Get thee behind that eight beat. (Columbia)

ERROL FLYNN: Look out, doll-face —here comes that sword-totin' hero of all those blood and thunder movies, Errol himself, making his début as the young rookie Musketeer, *D'Artagnan*, in the new Columbia album of Alexander Dumas' "The Three Musketeers." Do you think he's qualified to play the part with that career of gold mining in New Guinea and sailing on the Pacific and stardom in movieland behind him? Don't answer that! But the mustached rascal does nobly in his initial wax workout and duels his perilous way across these grooves just as he has on that screen of your theater. (Columbia M-MM-659)

GENE KRUPA: Here's where you sop up some nice carolin' by Carolyn Grey, that is, with Genie with the light brown drumsticks. "Old Devil Moon" is from that opus about "Finian," the guy with the rainbow, and "Same Old Blues" is nice and torchy. And mellow, too, fellow. You can strop your insteps to 2 rhythms—beguine and foxtrot—for the same price. Shall we dance? (Columbia)

FRANKIE LAINE: This is the guy whose larynx you've been absorbing so much of late. His cookies of "That's My Desire" have sold like hotcakes, and they were. Here is the freshest disc from Mr. Laine—a coupling of "Mam'selle" and "All of Me." An enticing slicing. (Mercury)

HOT!

BABS' 3 BIPS AND A BOP: That Be-Bop craze gets a fresh new twist by a new gang with the fetching appellation of "Babs' 3 Bips and a Bop." Gone, to say the least. They've cut their first biscuits for Bluenote and put down one of the most revolutionary styles in jazz. There're 4 ten-inch sides—"Lop-Pow," "Pay Dem Dues," "Oop-pop-a-Da," and "Stompin' at the Savoy," which give off Be-Bop vocals, with phrasing in vowels, like an instrument, and never losing that beat. Tad Dameron, at the piano, did the arranging and Rudy Williams on alto sax, Pee Wee Tinney on guitar, Art Phipps on bass and Charlie Simon on drums round out this wild group. (Blue Note 534 and 535)

DUKE ELLINGTON AT CARNEGIE HALL: A Musicraft albumful of Ellingtonia! "Overture to a Jam Session," in 2 parts, by Billy Strayhorn, is an impressionistic production piece spotting a fine violin solo by Ray Nance. "Beautiful Indians"—Hiawatha, part 1, and Minnehaha, part 2, shows off the beautiful tonsils of Kay Davis in a vocal sans words. Taft Jordan's on trumpet and Al Sears on tenor sax here. Clarinet man Jimmy Hamilton gets a workout on "Flippant Flurry" and then Harry Carney moves in with his great baritone sax, (the fireplug) on "Golden Feather." Oh, yes, there's Johnny Hodges, too, with that mellifluous alto sax painting a "Sultry Sunset." Then there's a ride slab titled "Jam-a-Ditty," with Jimmy Hamilton on clary, Taft Jordan on trumpet, Harry Carney on baritone and Lawrence Brown on trombone. Make room on that record shelf! (Musicraft S 6)

KID ORY'S CREOLE BAND: Shades of "Storyville" and "Basin Street"! 'Tis a

colorful and authentic album of N'Oleans music in a fresh Columbia album. Lotsa kicks in these leaves. Highlights are Kid Ory's famous tailgate trombone original singing, Barney Bigard's facile clarinet, and 'papa Mutt' Carey's sensitive trumpet. And that rhythm section—what a wonderful beat they lay down! Best sides are "Bucket Got a Hole in It," "The World's Jazz-Crazy," which intros a new larynx, Helen Andrews, and "Farewell to Storyville" and "Bill Bailey." (Columbia 126)

HAMP'S BOOGIE WOOGIE: Don't throw any water on me, just lemme burn! Phew! These'll send you home and drop you on the front porch. Loaded with boogie woogie by Lionel Hampton! Here's what the man on the golden pipes and the 2 fingered piano puts to you like Gangbusters. "Hamp's Boogie," "Tempo's Boogie," "Hey! Ba-ba-re-Bop," "Flying Home," "Beulah's Boogie," "Two Finger Boogie," "Hamp's Walkin' Boogie," and "Ridin' on the L and N." Help! (Decca Album A-523)

SAMMY BENSKIN: "The World is Waiting for the Sunrise," "Cherry." 2 standards given a fresh coat of piano, bass and drums by the Sammy Benskin Trio, Cleo. "Sunrise" rises at a fast clip with Sammy's box delicate and technical. Flip is more relaxed. Billy Talor's on doghouse and Specs Powell on the tubs. (bass and drums, you square!) Blue Note)

CHARLEY VENTURA: Um-m-m, dig this gorgeous hunk of tenor sax au gratin! 'Tis a 2 part tone painting in modern jazz, "Moon Nocturne" with the former Gene Krupa sideman's pipe in action all the way. There's fine trumpet by Neil Hefti, too. Lovely, slow, moody stuff. (National)

BILL HARRIS BIG EIGHT: The late 21-year-old Sonny Berman, who played trumpet with Woody Herman until his untimely death, is on this cookie along with Flip Phillips, tenor, Serge Chaloff, baritone sax, Ralph Burns, piano, Artie Bernstein, bass, Chuck Wayne, guitar, and Don Lamond, drums. And, of course, the wonderful valve trombone of Bill Harris. There's "Woodchopper's Holiday" and "Somebody Loves Me." You lamenters of the late Herman Herd will be 'gassed' to know you can dig these ex-'Woodchoppers' again. Goes fine with hot dogs and coke, or even on that camping trip. (Dial)

DATA ON THISA AND THATA: Margaret Whiting's got a whole album of her own favorites coming out this fall . . . Andy Russell's making a flicker in Mexico this summer. 'Sposed to be a modern version of "Don Quixote." Senor Andrew's spoken Spanish fluently since he was 5 . . . Frankie's first non-singing rôle is in "The Miracle of the Bells," in which he plays the rôle of *Father Paul*, a Roman Catholic priest. Nancy's daddy'll be vacationing in South America this summer . . Ralph Edwards has packed some of his zany "Truth or Consequences" antics in a new Mercury album, "Let's Have a Party" . . . Those rumors that Stan Kenton would stop fermentin' because of his health are untrue. The guys busier than ever, and is as hot as that sand on the beach.

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FROM THE MAN IN GRAY (mailman):

Got a hunk of linen from a chick in Minneapolis, Minnesota:

Dear Fred,

I've heard the new Claude Thornhill record, "A Sunday Kind of Love," several times and like it very much. The vocalist reminds me of Judy Garland but I'm sure isn't. Don't think I've heard her before. Can you tell me who she is?

Sincerely, Joan O'Connor

Dear Joan,

Those tonsils belong to Fran Warren. She used to chirp with Charley Barnett and has been with Claude Thornhill only a short while. This cookie'll probably make her famous. Thanks for writing. Take it slow.

Fred Robbins

And one from a guy in Bangor, Maine.

Dear Fred,

Whatever happened to the singing group called the Mel Tones? They made some great sides but I haven't heard anything new by them lately. What goes?

Sincerely, Jim Burton

Dear Jim,

'Twas a fine gang for sure but they broke up, sorry to say. But a lotta good resulted 'cause the little blond boy who organized the Mel Tones, arranged their stuff and sang with them, is now on his own and will, we predict, be the biggest thing in the vocal dept. since Nancy's old man. It's the "Velvet Fog," Mel Torme, and you can dig him on Musicraft records and in MGM's "Good News." Thanx for writing and take it slow.

Sincerely, F. R.

And from a gal in Baltimore, Md.

Dear Fred,

One of my friends had told me my favorite movie star, Cary Grant, has a double in the orchestra world. She's seen his picture but doesn't remember his name. Do you know who this could be? I'd love to see a picture of him.

Sincerely, Gail Rubin

Dear Gail,

The guy you mean has something Cary Grant doesn't. He plays trumpet in his own band and looks enough like your heart throb to scare you. He's Ray Anthony—and, by the way, yours truly just completed a short with Ray and Johnny Desmond for Columbia pictures. It's called "Thrills of Music"—try to catch it at your local theaters. So there's your chance to see him. Thanx for writing. See you in the movies.

Fred Robbins

And we'll be diggin' you next month in SCREENLAND and you'll be diggin' us every week on the Columbia Record Shop in your own home town. Ask around and you'll find out time and kilocycle, Michael. Here's cookin' at cha!

Editor's Note:

As Fred just said, ask him anything you want to know about records and record artists. Fred Robbins will answer, in this magazine, the letters he considers of most interest to record fans. Address Fred Robbins, SCREENLAND, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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Imagine Calling Her Mom!

Continued from page 61

during the waiting period, and plunged into news of Miss Kathleen Hope Payne. Kathleen (we feel we know her well enough now to use her first name) has lived her short life in complete confusion, it seems. Yet, despite that, she has managed to retain a beaming, charming attitude toward the world in general.

Her arrival was fraught with difficulty, to begin with. For, a few weeks before she appeared, her father had walking flu, a nasty case of same. This had been promptly snatched by her mother with such abandon that it necessitated a visit to the hospital. By this time, Father was better, but worried, if you understand us. He drove from the Payne menage to mother's bedside as often as the authorities would let him, and joined his spouse in hoping that Kathleen would defer her advent until the crisis of the illness had passed. This Miss Payne agreed to do, arriving one week after the scheduled date, and so anxious to get here then she flew in in four and a half hours.

In due course, the brand new family managed to leave the world of ether and white uniforms behind them, and returned home. This was celebrated by having a goodly portion of the people in Los Angeles County come by for a gander at Miss Payne. And a few weeks later, the Paynes further marked the importance of the era by taking off for New York and Roanoke, Virginia, where Gloria was introduced for the first time to her mother-in-law.

They returned from this jaunt, however, to face the prospect of discovering a suitable habitation not only for themselves but for young Miss Payne. They had been renting a house at the beach while awaiting Kathleen, having sold John's previous home because it was not large enough to hold their growing family. Thus, they began one of those searches which has become legendary anywhere West or East of the Rocky Mountains, finally having the good fortune to buy an English cottage in the rolling confines of Cheviot Hills.

The next few months were frantic. Gloria was making a picture at MGM called "Summer Holiday," and John "The Razor's Edge." These productions demanded their services from six in the morning until late at night. And meantime, they burned up the wires to decorators and beat paths to department store doors. This resulted, as it does these days, in the slow-motion furnishing of the house. First came a chair. Then a table. Then a pair of curtains.

Through all this Miss Kathleen Hope slept or played joyously. As long as Pablum and strained apricots and milk arrived at the designated intervals, she was —and is—happy. And she will continue to be, for she is most fortunate in her choice of parents. Both the Paynes have definite ideas, you see, on the subject of working parents and children. They do not believe in allowing their offspring to be raised solely by nurses.

"When I knew Kathleen was coming, I seriously considered retiring from pictures," Mama told us. "It was either that or limiting myself to a certain number of films a year, so that I could retain a closeness with my child. I decided on the latter course, but if it did not work, if I felt it was harming Kathy I would quit pictures completely. As it is, I only have the steady nurse for her when I am working. Then, I see her early in the morning before I leave for the studio, I see her at night before she goes to bed and, since we got our house in Cheviot Hills, I am so close that I can come home and have lunch with her every day. When I'm not working, no one else takes care of the baby unless she is asleep. We have a cook and a nurse-maid, you see, and, if I absolutely must leave, the nurse-maid can see to Kathy. But otherwise I have a free hand. I take her to the doctor, and we go visiting, and I feed her and bathe her as any mother would. For this reason—and this makes me happier than I can say —she knows me better than anyone in the world. That's the way I want it."

Kathy, Gloria goes on, is already developing a distinct personality. For one thing, she is—like many of her sex—quite captivated by anything in pants. Her father, of course, is her idol. Whenever he appears, her arms go out and she gurgles irrepressibly. She howls with glee when he tosses her in the ancient fashion. And, to a certain extent, she feels the same way toward the milk-man, the postman, and the occasional delivery boys.

She loves cuddling, and Mama says she is an extrovert of the first water. At ten months, she was proudly displaying her prowess in walking, springing the new activity on her delighted parents with the same charmed pleasure that a magician shows after perfecting a trick involving a litter of rabbits. And already she has demonstrated a profound love of music. She first pulled herself to her feet in order to get her ear nearer the loud-speaker of her parents' radio, and now she stands there ecstatically, bending her knees in time to the rhythm and trying to follow the tune with her voice.

Mrs. Payne has, of course, been in show business since she was a child, as were her father and mother before her. And she has strong ideas on how Kathy should be raised. Furthermore, she has definite plans to provide her daughter with a playmate or playmates in the near future.

"Naturally, John and I want another child," she told us. "I'd like to have several more, and space them about two years apart, if I could. Then they'd be near enough to each other to have something in common, to know and help each other.

"If she wants to go into show business," Gloria went on, "that's all right with John and myself. But we want her to finish her education first. By that, I don't mean that she will have to go to college if she does not wish to. She doesn't. But I want her to be old enough to choose her career, if she wants one.

"I'll help Kathy in anything she chooses. But I want her to have a normal, strong childhood. This comes first."

On Location with "This Time for Keeps"

Continued from page 59

bike, asked Melchior: "What are you doing back there, pushing or walking?" In another scene, Durante dashed out of Grandma's house, climbed into a pony cart driven by Lawrence Keough, summer resorter employed as "extra," and exclaimed: 'To the Grand Hotel. And before we get up that hill, I'll probably have to carry the both of youse!"

For arrival scenes at the island dock, the Michigan State Highway ferry, Straits of Mackinac, under command of Capt. H. F. Bentgen, ferry service superintendent, was used. Her paint work freshly scrubbed and flying a string of bright-colored pennants above her superstructure, the state ferry presented a colorful appearance for her début before the camera, as she brought Melchior and a crowd of extras into the dock.

Among the 400 extras employed for the dock and ferry scenes that day were five children of Governor Harry F. Kelly, of Michigan: Harry and Brian, 15-year-old twins, Joanne, 16, Larry, 13, and Roger, 10. After completing their first day's work, the corps of extras lined up on the dock to receive their day's wages —$10 each, less social security and other deductions—"cash money on the barrelhead."

For scenes at the Grand Hotel swimming pool, construction crews erected Esther's special diving board on a concrete base—tearing up the green lawn in the process and later replacing the turf in its original condition when the diving board was removed.

Nearby, another "grip" crew—carpenters and construction men—assembled a bandstand near the pool. This unit was built in sections at the Culver City studios of MGM and shipped to Mackinac Island along with four carloads of other properties and equipment. On either side of the bandstand, "green" men, under direction of Don Pringle, landscape set dresser, constructed shrubbery and hedges of natural green cedar boughs, as hotel guests watched the proceedings with keen interest.

Meanwhile, in preparation for Esther's swimming scenes, the Grand Hotel pool received a "heat treatment!" Steam hoses, leading from portable Diesel steam generating plants brought from Hollywood, warmed the water temperature of the pool from its customary 67 degrees or more to 80 degrees to provide warmer water for the swimming sequences. One scene in the movie calls for a water ballet with Esther Williams and her little "niece," Sharon McManus, participating. Esther taught little Sharon to swim in Culver City in preparation for this sequence.

Tourists and islanders alike loved the movie stars for their human qualities while the stars, in turn, became an intimate part of the island scene during their two weeks stay.

In the Marine room at the Chippewa Hotel one evening, Esther, Jimmy Durante, Johnnie Johnston and Dick Simmons joined tourists in an informal evening of dancing and a typical oldtime "songfest." Durante and Johnnie each took turns at the "mike" to sing several specialty numbers. Esther and Johnnie also joined in the dancing, with Esther demonstrating that she could rumba with the best of them. Handsome Dick Simmons had plenty of dancing partners among attractive feminine vacationists. The evening wound up with Johnnie strumming a guitar and the stars joining the rest of the guests in a songfest, in typical college style.

One afternoon, Esther Williams, after trying out the swimming pool, strode through the lobby of the pretentious Grand Hotel in her wet bathing suit, much to the astonishment of assembled guests. But then, in a bathing suit—wet or otherwise—Esther is something to behold so the incident was promptly overlooked.

Winter scenes on Mackinac Island for "This Time for Keeps" were taken last February. "Doubles" were used for the stars in these winter sequences—long shots of cutter riding over the snow-covered trails in Mackinac Island State Park, visits to Grandma's house, and other scenes. For the winter shots on the ice-bound island, technicians designed an electrically warmed "overcoat," or heating pad, for the Technicolor camera to keep it warm under sub-zero conditions.

Horse-drawn sleighs or cutters were used to transport the winter crew to and from "locations" in various parts of the island. One cold morning, they started out from the rooming and boarding houses where they were quartered—there were no hotels open on the island in the winter—to find themselves facing an old-fashioned northern Michigan snowstorm. Undaunted, they pulled up their parka hoods, turned their backs on the storm, and just "let it snow," as they headed for the day's location in the island's interior.

Decision to use Mackinac Island as a background was made when Producer Pasternak witnessed a showing of a James Fitzpatrick colored travelog on the northern Michigan island. Pasternak declared, "That's where we make our next Technicolor feature," and wheels were set in motion for the production of "This Time for Keeps."

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AT ALL DRUG STORES

This is What I Believe

Continued from page 53

the way he died served to prove to 10,000 people that crime does not pay. Everyone, good or bad, has a job to do. And incidentally, I don't believe that anyone is completely bad. There is so much good in the worst of us, and so much bad in the best of us, as the old saying goes, that it ill behooves any of us to find fault with the rest of us.

Religion. I believe that God is ever-present. I do not visualize God as a person, but believe that He is a great impersonal force. Still, I believe in prayer. I do not try to visualize the God to whom I pray. But I know He is there.

I believe that everything is for the best in the long run, though sometimes it may seem to the individual that everything has gone wrong. For five years, before I met and married Sue, it seemed that everything in my own life went wrong. No matter how hard I tried, nothing seemed to go right. Yet this rugged period, like all periods of heartache and disappointment, had its purpose, I think, and worked out for the best. Just as in laying a house you must have a foundation, so in life you must have a foundation of mistakes, heartaches, disappointments, and lessons learned from mistakes. No experience is wasted, I believe. We learn through trial and error. I learned, during those difficult years, never to slough off anything and to work harder than ever. Because so many unkind and sarcastic things were said to me, I learned the importance of being kind.

That's one reason why I'm so proud of my daughter, Alana. She seems to have been born with Sue's kind heart, and I think that is a more wonderful heritage than anything in the way of material blessings that we could possibly pass on to her or to David Alan.

That sympathy, kindness and generosity of spirit were revealed from the moment she first knew that her mother would come home from the hospital with a baby brother or sister. From the moment Sue came home from the hospital with David, Alana was glued to the child. She held his hand and foot while he was eating. She petted and fussed over him. One day David went on a crying jag. He had been turning day into night, sleeping all day and being wakeful at night. In the hope of getting him to sleep nights, Sue had awakened David that day—hence the crying spell. Shortly after David began to wail, Alana burst into tears. Sue put her arms around Alana's shoulders and said, "Darling, what's the matter?"

"Oh, I feel so sorry for David," Alana burst forth.

Where another child might have been envious of a new arrival, Alana wanted him to be comfortable and happy. I am more pleased by this strong streak of sympathy in Alana than by almost any other quality she could reveal, for I know she will be sympathetic with other people as she grows up—and I know how much the world needs kindness.

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What bewilders me is why the great brains in the world don't discuss how mankind can get along instead of discussing weapons for destruction and who shall have what territories.

Perhaps world peace is something that must grow slowly out of understanding between nations. I think people all over the world crave the ability to understand others of different nations. Some will say that this understanding can best be achieved through religion. Maybe I'm prejudiced, but I honestly think it can be achieved in a very great measure through motion pictures. One sure way to see people as they see themselves is through their movies. I think that there ought to be a central international committee which would decide which Russian pictures would help us understand them best, and which American pictures would help them understand us. The same thing goes for every other country. Every other country should see a real cross-section of our movies. Included in that cross-section, I think, should be every type of movie from a George Pal Puppetoon to some such picture as "Wild Harvest," which reveals a great deal about the lives of American farmers who grow wheat. I think other nations ought to be allowed to see all sides of the American picture, our comedies, our tragedies, our bitter experiences with gangsterism, our fights to make democracy work. And by the same token we should see an honest cross-section of their pictures.

Something which has happened in the last couple of years helps to prove the interest of people of all countries in understanding other folks in other lands. I think that interest is a very hopeful sign, because when people start understanding each other, they'll get along with one another. For a time Paramount and many other companies dubbed American-made pictures in Spanish, in the hope of pleasing the Latin American countries. Instead they protested that they would rather hear American actors speak in English. When you have people in foreign countries wanting to understand us, wanting to hear us talk in our own tongue, then you know that the world is interested in the other fellow. And the more interest we have in other nations, the less fear we have of them.

Foreign countries are starved for American pictures. And we are starved for pictures that will give us a true understanding of them. I think that understanding should be sought while our youngsters are still going to school. Why can't boys and girls now going to school see pictures that will give them an understanding of Russian, Hindu and Chinese problems? In forging the chains that would make for peace, I believe an international language would also be a great help.

Education. I've heard some arguments in favor of progressive education and others in favor of the old-fashioned methods. I think combining a little bit of each type wouldn't be amiss. I believe there should be some discipline in the schools—reached not through the old-fashioned teacher's rod but by appealing to the kids' finer instincts. I think boys and girls should be given fewer subjects to do, so that they can learn them thoroughly.

I think children should be rewarded when they do well in their school work. One private school I've heard about has a system which seems to me pretty super. If a school kid gets a good report card, he's allowed to go home two weeks earlier than the regular end of the school term. That gives all the youngsters an incentive. No kid wants to be left in school to beat his brains out after the others have won a coveted vacation.

Success and failure. If you believe in something long enough and hard enough, I think it's got to work out, though perhaps not exactly as you planned it. Somewhere at the end of the road, there will be some compensation that will gratify you. Suppose you believe in yourself as an actor and struggle for years to get somewhere in that field. Maybe in the end you'll wind up as a playwright instead of as an actor, but all experiences you've had during your struggle to become an actor will help you in your work as a playwright. In my case, the discouragements I faced taught me, after many lessons, to work all the harder, and they developed a spirit of fight in me.

Happiness. Some successful people are not as happy as others who are not nearly as successful. Among the successful, there are hundreds who are groping for something to give them happiness. I dare say that among the unsuccessful, nine tenths of them are happier than most successful individuals, for the unsuccessful have to learn to be happy, to appreciate little things.

Some successful individuals get blasé and bored, and reach the point where a new car or a new house isn't a thrill. Contrast them with the young couple who after several years of scrimping manage to trade in their old car and get a new one. They shine it up every night, and are blissfully happy over their car. Perhaps they can't afford anything more than a small furnished apartment, but the husband paints it himself; the wife picks out some wallpaper to make the apartment look better, and she's as thrilled as though she had just inherited a fortune—or more so. Her fortune is in her heart.

So is everyone's, really. When I was struggling to get somewhere in this business I valued material things greatly. Now I still value them to a certain extent, but Sue and I try to get happiness out of things we can have. We use what money we have to create happiness and security, not to keep up with the Joneses.

Sue's face beams with happiness when she gets the kind of wallpaper she wants or a special fabric which will look well over a certain chair or a picture that will look perfect in David Alan's nursery. We never have lost, thank goodness, and I hope we never shall lose the faculty of enjoying the possessions we can afford to

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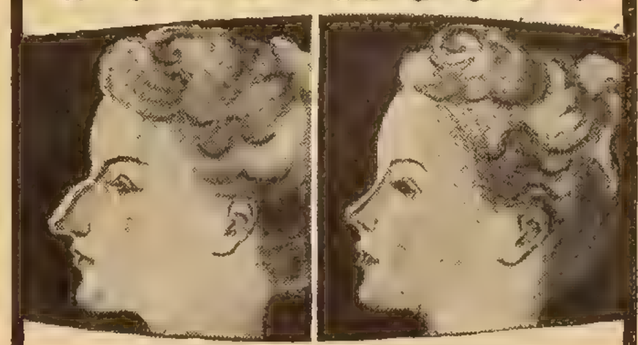

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buy. Often the sentimental meaning of the things we buy or make ourselves is far more important to both of us than their material value. You should have seen Sue's face the day she came home from the hospital with David Alan, to find hand-painted signs at the front door with the words, "Welcome, Susie and David," blazoned across them. Of course, the house looked like a florist's shop and all the chairs were piled high with gifts from our friends for the new arrival. But Sue appreciated the thoughtfulness behind those gifts even more than the gifts themselves.

There is no push-button road to happiness, and many executives who can get any material possession they want by pushing a button, can never find the one that will lead to happiness.

Many, both successful and unsuccessful people, let little things get them down. If you let that happen, then when important problems come along, you can't take it. You have to learn to take little things in stride to be ready for the big problems when they come.

Love and Marriage. Love at first sight can happen, but two people need not only romantic love, but also understanding and interest in one another to make any marriage a success. From the time I met Sue, everything went with the harmony which a composer achieves when he hits a perfect chord on the piano. Everything in my life seemed in tune from then on.

Sue and I keep our problems to ourselves. If things go wrong, we discuss them with each other. When they go right we discuss that with each other, too, and share the thrill of a mutual accomplishment. Some married folks go to others for gratification of their egoes, but Sue and I go to each other.

So often, the delicate understanding of a marriage is hurt when the people concerned thrust their problems and misunderstandings on others or ask the advice of others. I don't believe in asking advice from anyone other than Sue about personal matters. After all, all of us are inclined to give advice to the other fellow, but our advice may be valueless. We wouldn't want his life, and his circumstances are different from ours, so our advice may not apply to him at all.

There are some who won't make any move without consulting ten people. If nine say that the deal they're considering is grand, and the tenth one disagrees, they turn the deal down, only to regret it later. Some need to be reassured by many. Fortunately, Sue and I can reassure each other—and we like it better that way, win or lose. Our hopes and dreams belong to us; our fears and worries, too, and we won't burden anyone else with them. If we make a mistake, it's our mistake, and we'll take the consequences. Let others say if they wish that we made a great mistake in buying a ranch, or in breeding horses to sell as yearlings. On these points, we consulted each other, and no one else. We think we did the right thing. But if we made a mistake, we'll never have to reproach each other by saying, "If only we hadn't listened to the advice of your uncle, cousin, aunt or friend."

Children. I believe that the kids today are better than the youngsters of ten or fifteen years ago. You hear a lot about juvenile delinquency, but I think it's tapering off every day. There were good and bad kids in '26. Sure, there are some youngsters today who turn into gangsters. Weren't there a generation ago? I think the kids today on the whole have more sense than we did; they know the score better; they're infinitely wiser.

I think maybe it's a tough thing for kids to grow up with all the knowledge that has been pouring into their eyes and ears and minds, but they have grown up with it very well and they settle down very quickly—more quickly than some of their grandparents.

To sum up my views, I believe that a man should keep his mind open to reason and argument on all subjects, never allowing himself to develop that state of mind where he is impervious to logic because of prejudice. I believe that we should try to live as we ourselves believe right, rather than do as we wish, seeking forgiveness for it afterwards from God. I think we should anticipate what God would want us to do, instead of expecting God to wipe out our blunders. However, I also believe that no experience is ever wasted, even if it's a seemingly bad experience. We learn through trial and error. I believe that happiness is more important than success; that the two can sometimes go hand in hand, but that happiness is not a result of success, but a state of mind which can be achieved by learning to appreciate little things. I believe that little things are important to happiness, to life, to love, to the achievement of whatever you are seeking for. People who don't learn to take the little things in stride will never be able to face important problems. When a marriage is successful, one reason for it is that the people concerned know the importance of little things as well as big things. Very few marriages, I believe, break up over big things. And if you can't learn to enjoy and appreciate little things, but demand of life bigger and better things all the time, you'll find eventually that the state of mind which made you reject small blessings because they were petty will not get any joy out of big things, because in rejecting the small things, you lost the habit of happiness

ANSWERS TO SCREEN TESTS ON PAGE 34

SHORT STORY FOR MOVIE FANS
Day, Ladd, Young, Greene, Cotten Garland, Ball, Power, Hope, Gable, Stone, Payne, Peck, Tufts, Totter Mature, Rains, March.

MOVIE ANAGRAM REBUS
1. Garland; 2. Allyson; 3. Oberon; 4 Stewart; 5. Garson; 6. Milland; 7. O'Hara; 8. Bergman; 9. Darnell; 10. Baxter.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?
1. Day; 2. Kaye; 3. Faye; 4. Raye; 5 Mayo; 6. Ayres; 7. Haydn (Richard) 8. Wayne; 9. Payne; 10. Hayden (Sterling); 11. Taylor; 12. Haymes; 13. Grayson; 14. Raymond; 15 Hayworth; 16. Hayward.

Jeanette's Back!

Continued from page 45

heroines was highly exhilarating—at first. I was so flattered that I could!

"But I don't believe in letting things drift along. I'm eager for the best, in every phase of living, and expect to work hard for it. I believe there must be change and progress in a screen career. I can't help looking ahead and analyzing eventualities. Making-believe in always similar stories would eventually dull the interest of audiences, as it became a too familiar pattern. I vowed I'd not make another film until a story that was *real* came my way. That took," she smiles, "a bit of waiting!" And plenty of stern discipline, when offers poured in from other studios naturally anxious to cash in on her box-office draw by casting her exactly as MGM had, only more colossally, if possible—! She was thrilled by the devotion of her fans (her fan mail averaged 3500 letters a month all during her self-imposed four-year film absence) and her multitude of friends, as loyal to Jeanette as she is to them, never for a moment lost faith in her decision.

"This *right* story and rôle came so suddenly—at long last. MGM, out of a blue sky, phoned. Pasternak wanted me, they said. The script would team me with Jose Iturbi in an adult romance. But what would I say to playing a mother? 'That depends wholly on what kind of a mother she is, and what sort of children she has, and what the story's about,' I said. Certainly I've no fear of mother rôles; our top feminine stars have been great in them.

"I can't tell you how delighted I was when I received the script for 'The Birds and the Bees.' The story is different—entertaining. The dialogue is modern. My clothes, done by Irene, are strictly tomorrow's fashion. The mother I play isn't an actress nor a prima donna—simply a real woman. It isn't the conventional musical, but an amusing story with some songs in it, sung as real people would sing them. My mother and sister said, 'For the first time you can be your real self on the screen!' The picture was a terrific challenge.

"Confidentially, isn't this life? Mr. Pasternak came to MGM as a producer shortly before I left. 'Why can't I work with him?' I asked, then. I was told, 'Oh, he wants to work with Garbo!' I had had a hunch that teaming with Deanna Durbin, as her older sister or mother, would be a good idea. Jane Powell hadn't been discovered then. Now, instead of Deanna, I'm getting my wish with Jane. When we sing Grieg's 'Springtide' together it will be the first time two lyric sopranos have ever been paired on the screen. I hope you'll like us! Jane's voice is so lovely. Wait till you hear her singing the waltz aria from 'Romeo and Juliet.' I've done it often, but instead of my repeating I now get to sing, for the first time, Strauss' famous waltz from 'Der Rosenkavalier.' Lyrics were written for it at MGM, and Jose Iturbi accompanies me."

Her first day back on the MGM lot was genuinely heart-warming. From Louis B. Mayer down to the newest, dazzled employee, nothing was left undone in welcoming her back. She drove quietly in (Jeanette never makes an entrance, grows on you instead of startling you) and memories instantly flooded in. While she'd been away a world war had been fought, and she herself had traveled far to meet some of her public. Time stood still when she was led directly to her own beautifully comfortable suite in the swanky building reserved for top feminine stars only. She was deeply touched by the fact that it had been held for her eventual return; only Claudette Colbert and Irene Dunne had been permitted to use it, briefly, during her long absence.

Eight nationwide newspaper syndicates sent their ace reporters for interviews on her set that first day. But behind all the surface commotion what excited her most was that Mr. Mayer had ordered the reassembling of her familiar working crew. There was Ray June, her same director of photography, Virgil, her same still man, little Harry, the prop man, beaming as though he would burst. Fuzzy, an electrician who didn't quite effect a transfer, nevertheless played hookey long enough to greet her, too. And was ecstatic when Jeanette chided, "Still smoking that awful cigar!" She laughs, "Women do keep their figures better. The men, after four years, were all a little fatter!"

Her husband and her home (next June 16th she'll celebrate her tenth wedding anniversary, and if you think Californians have to move all the time realize that Jeanette and Gene have happily remained in the identical home to which he took her as a bride) are of paramount importance to her.

Gene Raymond, blond, broad-shouldered, with identical interests to hers, was one of the first Hollywood males to go to war. He'd earned his officer's commission by March, 1942. Jeanette had just reached her firm stand on no more films until she could get a good one when Gene flew home in the June of '42 for a brief leave after finishing his training as an intelligence officer. He was heading directly overseas after his good-byes, and so Jeanette flew East with him to be with him until the last minute.

While he was away, and she was determinedly sitting out repetitious movies, Jeanette flung herself into the concert and grand opera careers she'd long wanted. And what records she ran up! She established herself as one of the greatest box-office draws in the concert world. Leaving the comforts and sureness of Hollywood, she toured almost continuously, singing in person to entranced crowds. In Pittsburgh, with their symphony orchestra accompanying her, she drew the largest audience in history there. At Robin Hood Dell, in Philadelphia, she smashed all concert records. In Milwaukee she's the all-time record-

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breaker, having returned to sing to an audience of 46,000 people, thus topping even her own previous appearance there. There are plans for a new auditorium for Austin, Texas, because Jeanette sang there, outdrawing Paderewski and Will Rogers, past record-breakers; all the seats were sold out within three days, six weeks ahead of her concert; so she had to sandwich in a repeat date to another sold-out house. Her exquisite diction, sincere feeling for expressive climaxes, and her unexpected fine timbre in the upper registers of her voice, were all pointed out by those who'd been skeptics. Requiring no mechanical equipment to magnify her voice, proving her range and volume did not depend on movie magic, she captivated even the toughest critics.

During war-time Jeanette had to meet all the jams everyone else encountered on trains. There were always compensations, things worth remembering. On a concert tour of New England a horde of fans met her and swamped her (while the train stopped) with cakes, candy, pies, fruit and sandwiches. When the train stalled for six hours a few miles further on, and there was no diner, a whole car-full of passengers was intrigued at being invited to dine impromptu with Jeanette. And then there was that city-to-city jump that landed her in a day coach full of G.I.s. She made no entrance, was her customary modest self. With no gaudy touches, she isn't conspicuous. "As the boys began to tire of the trip one of them started to sing, and they all joined in. So did I, finally. After we'd sung everything anyone had ever heard of, the soldier sitting beside me said, 'Your voice sounds just like Jeanette MacDonald's.' Then he added, 'Well, that's life for you! Look where she is—and look where you are!' (No, she didn't tell him.)

Singing directly for servicemen became Jeanette's personal war contribution. After giving $96,828 to Army Emergency Relief, her own proceeds from twelve concerts under professional management, she went forth on lengthy tours of hospitals and camps. Able to earn an $8,000 fee for a single concert, Jeanette made a tour of Southern Army camps and Navy bases giving a free concert every other night. The temperature averaged 120 degrees during that summer of 1943. I know this part of her war record from personal experience; in the nearly two years I was soldiering at Sheppard Field, Texas, only two Hollywood stars bothered to come there to entertain—Jeanette and Bob Hope. What receptions they both got!

There's nothing like becoming an unqualified wow in your own home town. Jeanette wound up a tour with a triumphant concert in the Hollywood Bowl, with Leopold Stokowski conducting the symphonic accompaniment, and proved to be the largest single drawing card the Bowl's had since 1942, a record no other artist has been able to break. Afterwards the largest crowd ever to surge backstage swept in on her. And after that Gene proudly gave a reception for her at the Beverly Hills Hotel. The governor of California and the mayor of Los Angeles were among the throng of friends who came to do her honor.

She's decided that the seven-year concert cycle she initiated now will lag awhile. Just before returning to the screen she made a sensationally successful concert tour of England, Ireland and Scotland. They stood fifteen deep at Albert Hall, in London, and vowed they could hear her softest notes. Cheering crowds bravoed her from the moment she stepped off a trans-Atlantic plane.

"I'm going to concentrate on one really good picture a year—it most likely will be 'Reunion in Vienna' with Nelson Eddy next. Nelson and I have remained good friends since we both balked at old material, and whenever we can secure a good script we'll be delighted to team again.

"I'm also going to concentrate on my marriage, now that Gene is safely home. When we married Hollywood said it wouldn't last, but today those skeptics can't recall why they were cynical about us. I think we grow more in love largely because *we are so alike!* We have the same values, expect to work hard for anything we get, and both of us habitually plan our moves.

"Gene got a head-start on me, professionally. He clicked on Broadway at fourteen, in a hit play that ran there for two years. He went right into two other long-run hits there while still in his teens. Then Hollywood grabbed him. I landed on Broadway at fourteen, too, but at the bottom—in the chorus at the Capitol. I tagged along with an older sister when she applied for a job as a dancer; we both got a chance. I spent my first week's Capitol salary all on chiffon and lace lingerie. You see, I'd been the ugly duckling type as a little girl."

As she stubbornly stuck to the dancing and singing lessons which made her a musical comedy heroine on the stage, pre-Hollywood, Jeanette suffered all the pangs that go with slow progress. "The secret is," she confides, "*don't give up!*" She had to learn how to ignore the dazzle of play-girls, and modeled furs in the hot summer months when show business was slack, forever sticking to her goals.

"It is important to me to have a nice environment. I remember we had to move our old furniture to New York from Philadelphia. I hated our old upright piano and old rocking chair with such a loathing I wouldn't take my friends home. I gradually earned beautiful furnishings. I bought my first fur coat on time. The next year I bought a small diamond brooch. All the time I was finding out my best ways. I was bad in competition for stage jobs, freezing up with stage fright; so, realizing that, I learned to ask to try out quite alone, and then prepared meticulously. I made my own standards, avoided what I disliked. It wasn't simple, but then nothing worthwhile ever is."

Talking about Gene again, she said, "Marriage needs companionship. Gene and I calmly took our love for granted at first. Then the war came along and separated us. And made us appreciate one another more than ever before. We *like* each other, which is so necessary. We find, after all our travels, we were right about Twin Gables being our home." (It is English Tudor, on a rolling hillside, and Gene dumbfounded Jeanette by buying it and furnishing it

while they were engaged; she hadn't an inkling of it until their wedding night.) "We're purposely living simply, because it's more relaxing. Have a taste of my persimmon!" she said to me. Fresh persimmons, from the persimmon trees she grows in their garden, make the ideal afternoon snack with a cup of tea, she thinks. "We no longer keep our own riding horses at the house. Gene has converted the stable into his writing quarters—Gene and his brother doing all the carpentering. He's determined to write and direct films, along with acting. We've given away the twin pianos we had in our music room, and made it into an office for Emily." (Emily West has been their devoted friend and secretary for a long while.) A cook, personal maid, and gardener run the house under Jeanette's personal supervision. Gene affirms that Jeanette operates the kitchen just as ably as she operates a career.

She enjoys telephonitis, and likes straightforward criticism when she deserves it—even from her husband. She's never outgrown her fine Philadelphia manners, rises automatically when an older person enters, and writes polite thank-you notes without any struggle. She and Gene met twice at mutual friends and the third time, also accidentally, at a preview. Then he requested a date. She accepted, but made it for dinner at her own home so he could pass her mother's inspection. He did. He'd taught her to play. She'd had no time for leisurely companionship, so he even deliberately upset some of her over-conscientious little systems so she could know what she'd by-passed. She's glad he did.

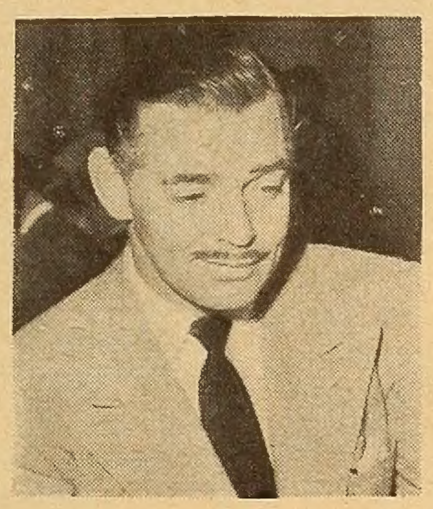
"Insomnia has been the bane of my life. I've tried blackout curtains, have counted sheep, have thought of endlessly waving wheat fields, have refurnished our house and the houses of all my friends, have recalled the plots of every movie I've seen, have recited the words to every song I know, have tried every sort of mattress, cold and warm rooms, with pillows and without. I've gotten up to drink hot milk, and to turn somersaults until exhausted. Finally I was convinced Robert Benchley had the only cure when he advised: 'Arise and clean out the refrigerator, eat everything in sight, after which suffer such ghastly indigestion the painless insomnia is forgotten.' I *am* sleeping better now," she says, gratefully. As to why, she isn't sure. Unless she's just more relaxed about life. Gene's three-cornered smile has helped; as long as he's around to grin at her, she can bear anything!

Jeanette didn't tell me this. She said she was through with concerts, remember? For quite a spell. But her patriotism didn't end with the end of the war. I happen to know about an extraordinary concert she gave recently at the Veterans' Hospital in Los Angeles. She went to the neuropsychiatric ward, where the faces are blank because of that terrible detachment of the shocked. She began singing, kept at it. Slowly the wonder-working therapy of the music she made worked its magic on almost all of those almost forgotten men. That glimpse of Jeanette is as typical as any of her.

How are things with the **BOGARTS?**

July SILVER SCREEN has your answer, with the latest lowdown on the home life of Humphrey Bogart and wife Lauren Bacall.

DEBORAH *made* **GABLE** *change his mind*



Did Clark Gable want the lead of "The Hucksters"? Yes . . . when he found out Deborah Kerr, beauty from Britain, was to be his leading lady. July Silver Screen has the story.

CONFESSIONS *of an interviewer*

Ben Maddox, veteran Hollywood writer, digs up little known facts and odd idiosyncrasies of stars he's known for years . . . Cary Grant, Bette Davis, Colbert and MacMurray, Power and Garfield. Get new slants on your favorites in July Silver Screen.

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JULY

Silver Screen

Now on the newsstands

Crosby's Candidate

Continued from page 50

You know that oft repeated, singing radio commercial advertising a certain wine? Well, it was to this scintillating tune that the merry pair cavorted between takes. A mad, mad set, indeed.

During our interview, I noticed Dorothy Lamour, at a nearby table, and remarked about her beauty. "Yes, Bing thinks so much of her," Wanda assured me. "'She's everybody's friend,' he always says."

You see, as far as Miss H. is concerned, it's Bing, Bing, Bing. And I don't doubt that he reciprocates, for she is fascinating.

Just before Wanda Hendrix walked into the publicity offices of Paramount Pictures, I'd been looking over the stills from "Welcome Stranger." There were different scenes showing a delicate snub-nosed, freckled-faced child who appeared equally "ragamuffinish" in each. You'd have sworn that the girl couldn't be a day over twelve, but her studio biography informed one that Wanda was seventeen. Usually years are subtracted —not added. Something was amiss somewhere. Then Miss Hendrix arrived. The surprise proved worth one of those obvious, double-takes.

Her physical appearance is not unlike Jeanne Crain's, yet in conversation she's far more animated; and her personality is less reticent. For our luncheon engagement she wore her brown hair in loose, shoulder-length style. Off screen the merest trace of cosmetics enhances a white skin, but fails to cover the scattering of cute freckles; while her green eyes impressed me especially.

"Why, I'd never have known you from movies," I exclaimed.

"That's to be expected," Miss H. sighed. "No one does. If this casting continues, autograph seekers won't trouble me."

And it is amazing, the marked difference between her reel and real self. Here we have an amusing switch. Most glamor gals turn to character parts only after their youthful glories desert them. With Wanda it's the other way around. At a lovely seventeen she's portrayed a dirty, Cockney urchin of fourteen years—in the Boyer-Bacall "Confidential Agent" —and the drunkard's daughter in "Welcome Stranger," which called for an underprivileged kid of thirteen summers.

"I'm typed," Miss Hendrix decided as we sauntered toward the commissary. "But that's all right as long as the rôle's good. Though naturally, I'd enjoy being my age for some assignments."

That quote brings to mind two things, her all-consuming passion for acting, and the undisputable fact that allowed to create characters her own age, she'd be charming. For disclaiming wide opinion, all teen groups aren't sloppily attired, screaming, swooning females. Considering her youth, Wanda possesses a pleasant poise sans any sophisticated pretense. When I queried her regarding dates, for example, she didn't elaborate on fictitious experiences for the benefit of impressing.

"Dating doesn't hold an important place now. I'm only reaching the age when I don't feel out of place in night clubs," Miss H. explained. "I've been to a few escorted by friends like Farley Granger and Roddy McDowall, but not frequently—and the fellows are just friends. It's the same old story: I'm in love with my career."

By the time this much chatter had passed, we were seated in the Paramount eatery.

During lunch—Wanda entertained. She has the most intense, alive approach of anyone I've met in many a moon. When telling you something she leans slightly forward, and each incident is illustrated by appropriate gestures. The truth is that the gal's an extrovert, a born actress. She readily admits same, however, and it isn't showiness. There's no conscious desire to hog the spotlight. The girl simply loves to emulate various voices and emotions. As Miss H. told me of her life, I was practically transported to Dixie County, Florida, where it began.

It was in this sun-kissed land that Wanda made her earthly début on November 3, 1928. Miss Hendrix' father, who boasts the elegant moniker of Mack Sylvester, was deputized quarter-boss at a logging camp situated near Jacksonville. And her birthplace—a logger's, white cypress cottage.

Wanda's parents named her after the county, *Dixie* Wanda Hendrix, but the Dixie has long since vanished. When at the tender age of four, her family moved into Jacksonville. Here Miss H. not only graduated from the Tenth and Market street grammar school but also completed educational pursuits at Kirby Smith Junior High.

"It was then I became engrossed in dramatics," Wanda recalled. "I'm an only child, and no one on either side of our family was theatrical. So my mother and dad weren't very cooperative at first. But ever since I'd been old enough to realize what it meant, I *knew* acting would be my entire life."

Still I imagine Mr. and Mrs. Hendrix were aware of their offspring's "calling." Surely she suffered no lack of rooters. The whole community applauded her ability in such little theater productions as "Personal Appearance," "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," plus "Junior Miss." In these she enacted youngsters, which was O.K. then, being all of fourteen.

Luckily the woman director of said presentations knew a Warner talent scout. When the busy gentleman toured eastward, this wise lady asked him to come take a look-see at her special prodigy. And being a practised observer, he came; he saw; he signed.

That was a happy moment for the Hendrix clan. (Mother and dad now fully converted to histrionics.) The contract-offering-wire arrived on Mrs. Hendrix' fortieth birthday. Wanda hid the telegram in her parents' gift box, but finally tore it open herself due to uncontrollable enthusiasm. They immediately moved en masse to San Fernando Valley —even their dog. And when his child took to "movin' pitchurs," Mr. Hendrix became an employee of the Lockheed Aircraft Company.

Wanda is a straightforward individual who makes friends quickly with everyone. She'd met and made many at Warners. When the time came to leave, there was a lost feeling marring her departure. Yet studio change meant furtherance of career, so that was that. Then, too, she hoped the powers that be at Paramount might recognize her as an attractive deb rather than a horribly adolescent brat. Things went from bad to worse at first, though; she wasn't even cast in *any* sort of rôle. But intriguing data began floating around: The Crosby-Fitzgerald film was in need of a thirteen-year-old moppet. You've guessed it. Love of acting overpowered her thoughts on emerging as an alluring siren—or at least her natural self—and Wanda waged a fighting campaign for the part. With alacrity she accosted the amazed producer.

"Sorry, you're too old and good-looking," was the brief, brisk decision.

Now she was too aged for a child, where prior to this she'd been too juvenile for love life!

"But I can *make* myself into the girl," Miss Hendrix promised—in fact, begged.

"No!"

Less stubborn souls would have retired to their knitting, but such open challenge spelled glittering bait for the purposeful Wanda. She retreated, temporarily, to the nearest powder room. A careless coiffure was cramped into stingy braids. The light dusting of powder came off to allow freckles to frolic in their spotted glee. Looting the wardrobe department furnished an awful outfit, finished with studied finesse by shoes three size too large.

Clump, clump, clump down the long, carpeted hall back to the executive's headquarters. A firm, loud knock on the heavily paneled door.

"Come in," issued out of deep depths from the inner sanctum.

And she did. Miss H. entered as the exact replica of that pitiful, painfully young child—the drunkard's kid. Her expressive eyes were hurt and shy. The softly moulded mouth was drawn down in despair. A tiny figure of dejection.

It took that stunned, but discerning, man a moment to grasp the point. Then he murmured, "You win."

Thus Wanda Hendrix became a bedraggled baby once more. But sufficient compensation for this sacrifice—participation in a Bing Crosby enterprise. And speaking of "der Bingle," he's Wanda's favorite rave. When asked about Frankie and Van, almost universal heroes for her generation, she replied thoughtfully: "Van Johnson has a wonderful personality, and Frank Sinatra a soothing voice —but—I like Bing."

And you can't blame her. He's perfect to work with. The first day she spent on his set might have been understandably tense. Besides beginning cinematically for Paramount, being coupled with the famed Groaner could easily have caused nervous collapse, but for Bing's nonchalant greeting: "Yah! Pigtails an' freckles. Aren't you a funny-lookin' sight!"

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